

# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JULY 1943





**HEIL...!**

They salute you, Fuehrer . . . your dead warriors.

They died . . . for what? Not Victory, for today the legions of decency are growing ever stronger.

Here in America, millions of peace-loving citizens are willingly skimping on food . . . going without gasoline . . . working and investing their savings to defeat you.

Our vast industrial plants are pouring out munitions in ever greater quantity.

From The Texas Company's refineries alone are coming millions of gallons of powerful 100-octane aviation gasoline, toluene for making "block-busting" bombs and shells . . . and vast quantities of other war fuels and lubricants.

Our armies have just begun to show their real strength. Our civilians are setting new records of production. To put an end to your militarism and murder. To restore the right to *live* in peace and freedom.

### **THE TEXAS COMPANY**

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES  
HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS







Be sure...

## All the essential B Vitamins give *You* a full day's work

If you would be active, productive and of good morale, a new shift of wonder workers must report each day for duty in your diet. These wonder workers are the mighty B vitamins and there are more than a dozen *besides* the well-known B<sub>1</sub>. Whether obtained from your food or from other sources, they spend the day improving your efficiency and keeping your wits sharp. Then they vanish mysteriously... and *must* be replaced.

Nature is none too generous with these essential vitamins in the food that comes to your table. Besides, the best of cooks can easily destroy them. That is why more and more people are supplementing

their daily diet with the B Complex vitamins in concentrated form.

\* \* \*

The Home of Budweiser is one of the world's biggest sources of natural B Complex Vitamins. They are produced from brewer's yeast. We supply food and pharmaceutical manufacturers with a huge volume of this vitamin yeast each year. They in turn supply our armed forces and civilian population with millions of vitamin units. This contribution to your welfare resulted from years of research, laboratory and clinical work in quest of better methods and facilities for brewing the world's most popular beer.



# Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG.  
U.S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

© 1943

A N H E U S E R • B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

JULY, 1943

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

I



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



IT'S AN ILLUSTRIOUS family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably.



ONE TASTE WILL  
TELL YOU WHY

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our pre-war stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.



THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD • BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF  
National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.



# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

July, 1943

Vol. 35, No. 1



Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Published monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents, yearly subscription, \$1.25

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
One Park Avenue, New York City

## The Message Center

READ what Capt. Joe Foss, the Eddie Rickenbacker of this war, thinks of The American Legion, on page 7. It will give you a lift in spirits.

JUST for the record, here are the National Convention place and dates: Omaha, Nebraska, Sept. 21-23.

HERB STOOPS' inspiring cover design will recall to Legionnaires the battles of the First World War in which they served shoulder to shoulder with the men in horizon blue to smash the Germans. In this issue Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, who was there, tells you in *And We Can Do It Again* of the turn of the tide which came just twenty-five years ago. In this connection we are glad to reproduce here a letter sent by General Gouraud eight years ago to Captain John C. Redington, a Connecticut and New York Legionnaire who served with the Rainbow. Translated, it reads:

"My dear comrade: The 15th of July of 1918 is in the long past! But those who had a part in that great day can never forget it.

"The narrative of the battle which you have been kind enough to dedicate to me is one of the most vivid stories that I have ever read. Your battery, your comrades of the 42d Division and the French troops on your right and left made possible real substance and glorious accomplishment of my predic-

(Continued on page 4)

## CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS	
IT MAKES US PROUD INDEED	7
LO TAKES THE WARPATH BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE Illustrated by Henry Raleigh	9
. . . AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN BY HENRY J. REILLY Illustrated by Herb Stoops	10
BUDDIES BY RALPH HOWARD	11
ALEUTIAN SPRINGBOARD BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE	12
JAPS AND THE THIRD INNING BY ALFRED W. PLAGE Illustrated by Wallace Morgan	14
A LETTER FROM A BUDDY BY WALLGREN	16
ALAMEIN YANKS IN TANKS BY HAROLD FRANK	19
YOU CAN'T SEE IT NOW BY MABEL ANSEL MURPHY Illustrated by Albin Henning	20
CHEVRONS OF THE LEGION BY BOYD B. STUTLER	22
A TRANSPORT OF MERCY BY JOHN J. NOLL	26
ON GUARD FOR YOU BY FRANK J. WILSON Illustrated by Bettina Steinke	34
EDITORIAL	52

**IMPORTANT:** A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 44.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1943 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Roane Waring, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Vilas H. Whaley, Racine, Wis., Vice Chairman. Members of Commission: Phil Conlev, Charleston, W. Va.; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Ia.; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Tex.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elmer Nelson, Milford, Mass.; William E. Fischel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Claude S. Ramsev, Raleigh, N. C.; Glenn H. Campbell, Cleveland, O.; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; George Bideaux, Tucson, Ariz.; Le Roy D. Downs, South Norwalk, Conn.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Director, Frank Lisiecki; Associate Editor, John J. Noll.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE





# NOW HE HAS IT ALL HIS OWN WAY

It's quite natural at this stage of war production that the wishes of Mr. Mars should come first. ★ America didn't start this affair but once started all recognized war material must come fast — and in plenty. ★ After this war is won, we have plans for the future of the American Home which will insure comfort on a scale not recognized when we were processing formed steel sinks, steel kitchen cabinet equipment, metal refrigerator stampings and numerous furniture parts. ★ We have learned new manufacturing processes and have new product ideas that today's production made possible. ★ You can bet the old gent is not always going to have his own way.

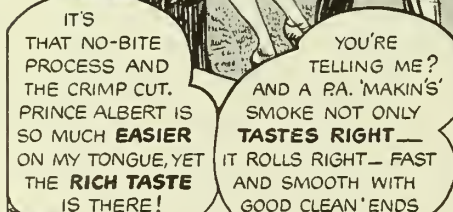


AMERICAN CENTRAL  
MANUFACTURING CORPORATION  
CONNERSVILLE • INDIANA





R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



**50**  
PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT  
TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY  
POCKET PACKAGE OF  
PRINCE ALBERT

**70**  
FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN  
CIGARETTES IN EVERY  
HANDY POCKET PACKAGE  
OF PRINCE ALBERT

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

BUY WAR  
BONDS  
AND STAMPS

## THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

tion given in the Order of the Day of July 7th.

"I have noted particularly the precautions which you had taken before the battle for the regulation of your fire. It seems almost, in reading your manuscript, that I can hear again the voice of your then dear colonel, my friend General Henry J. Reilly.

"Also as a good soldier and a well trained officer you have understood and given just recognition to the fact that the real heroes of the victory were the soldiers who had been left to defend the advance posts.

"In replying to your honorable message I am enclosing herewith a signed copy of the address which I delivered on the tenth anniversary of the battle, at the unveiling of the monument erected on the battlefield and dedicated to our dead of the Champagne.

"That monument is a pyramid surmounted by the figures of three fighting soldiers. One is an American soldier carrying his rifle upon his shoulder and symbolizing the aid given by your great nation to a France in danger. . . ."

THOUSANDS of copies of a reprint of Stewart Holbrook's *Watched Trees Don't Burn* article which appeared in our April issue have been distributed throughout the State of Washington by the Keep Washington Green Committee, in connection with the campaign to enlist thousands of boys as Junior Forest Wardens. Forest defense is a vital part of coastal defense in the Northwest,



Junior Forest Wardens of the junior high school at Shelton, Washington, with Legionnaire sponsors: Left, H. E. (Babe) Munson, Forest Marshal of Fred B. Wivell Post of Shelton; center, Mayor Maurice H. Needham, a former Commander of Wivell Post; right, Vice-Comander H. G. Angle

and "Eyes on the Skies" is the stimulating motto of the Junior Forest Wardens. The Japs may try once again to drop incendiaries in the forests of that region in the coming months, but the efficient lookout system may be counted on to nip the Nips.

THE EDITORS

THE AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



# DEAFENED CAN NOW HEAR A WORLD OF SOUND

## A DREAM COMES TRUE WITH ELECTRONIC HEARING

Just a few years ago John T. Calhoun would have been considered a casualty in American society because he was severely deafened.

His case, like thousands of others, had progressed from moderate loss of hearing to a point where he was unable to hear even loud sounds. He was approaching total deafness.

Being physically strong, a vigorously alert and successful Legionnaire with scores of business and social interests, he rebelled. He just wasn't ready to resign himself to the restrictions imposed by deafness, as long as modern science offered him any chance of regaining the world of sound.

And that was why he came to investigate the best of modern electronic hearing aids, and ultimately to select a midget Maico.

**Hears Clearly, Resumes All Normal Activities.** Today, with a small, compact Maico nestling comfortably in his pocket, John Calhoun's dreams of better hearing *have* come true. He now hears clearly and comfortably without the slightest effort, and he fully enjoys *all* normal activities.

In fact, like most owners of Maico aids, John forgets he wears one. This is because his instrument has been *individually adjusted* to suit *his* specific hearing needs, somewhat as glasses are ground to correct defects in vision.

**SEND COUPON** below for full details about Maico electronic hearing aids. Chances are 90 to 1 that Maico *can* help you.



Physicians use Maico equipment for 90% of all precision hearing tests. These instruments, used throughout the world, accurately determine hearing-loss.



Scientists make extensive use of Maico precision instruments in acoustic research, studies of deafness characteristics and for many other purposes.

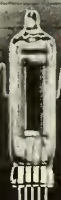


**U. S. Government** supplies the Army, Navy, Veterans' Bureau and other services with Maico audiometers. Widely used for checking hearing, for tone-comparison tests, etc.



**Universities and hospitals** in every U. S. state and every Canadian province use Maico instruments for studies in physics, electronics and medicine, as well as for otological tests.

FOR A NEW EXPERIENCE IN HEARING...SEND



**MAICO**

VISIT A LOCAL MAICO OFFICE IN ANY PRINCIPAL CITY

IN THIS COUPON TODAY!

THE MAICO CO., 2632 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis

☐ Send free booklet, "Background of Hearing."

☐ I am interested in a test fitting of a Maico.

Give name of person desiring booklet or test, for yourself, or a relative or friend. No obligation. Your name will not be mentioned.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# POWER TO WIN

POWER TO WIN means *striking power* — and power available at instant notice, even under the guns of the enemy, to keep our hard-hitting equipment *on the move* and in action. Absolute dependability, the greatest asset of Continental Red Seal Engines, is providing POWER TO WIN for vital equipment on all fronts — in the air, on land and sea; also for our farms, oil fields, and for industry.



Awarded to the Detroit and Muskegon Plants of Continental Motors Corporation for High Achievement.

***Continental Motors Corporation***

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Your Dollars Are Power, Too . . . Buy War Bonds





# It Makes Us Proud Indeed

Captain Joe Foss, the South Dakota boy who accounted for twenty-six Jap planes in the fighting in the Southwest Pacific and thus became our outstanding aviator of this war, sizes up The American Legion

**H**ERE is a story which was told by Lieutenant Colonel C. V. Burnett, Wing Commander, United States Marine Corps, at a meeting of Alger Post of the Legion in Detroit, Michigan:

While Colonel Burnett was stationed in San Francisco doing personnel work Captain Joe Foss of the Corps requested that he be transferred from non-combat reconnaissance service to acting pilot in the fighting arm. In spite of the fact that Burnett stressed the dangers of the latter service and the short-lived careers of these fighters, Foss, determined on making the change, finally persuaded his superior officer to effect the transfer.

Sometime later, upon shipping to the South Pacific, Colonel Burnett found that he had Captain Foss as one of his cabin-mates, and fell to quizzing him concerning the reasons that had caused him to ask to be made a pilot in the fighting force. This is what Foss told him:

"Well, my home is on a farm in a small-town region where nothing much happens. A few months ago I happened to visit Omaha at the time of an American Legion Department Convention and there met a crowd of fine men who were having a wonderful time. I fell to thinking that if I could but join up as a fighting pilot and eventually qualify for membership in The American Legion and become one of that crowd, that was what I most wished to do. That is the real reason that caused me to insist on becoming a flier in the fighting service."

1. The captain with his Congressional Medal of Honor, his mother and his wife. 2. Comes a pause in the day's occupation, Joe and his cigar are snapped standing beside his plane. 3. LeRoy R. Grumman points to the Grumman Wildcat fighter type of plane Joe used in blasting the 26 Jap ships out of the air, as Leon A. Swirbul, General Manager of the Grumman plant, smiles sagely. Joe stands by



Captain Joseph Foss, United States Marine Corps, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota





# Invisible G-MAN

## The Story of Super-Sleuths of War Production

★

WHEN the FBI gets on the trail of a potential saboteur, tracks him down, and catches him before he can do any damage—that's front-page news! Yet there are a few score unsung sleuths doing this kind of work—all day and every day—in America's war factories. This is their story.

They are the million-volt X-ray units developed by G-E scientists just in time to go to work, all-out, in war production.

The saboteurs they catch are flaws and blow-holes—unintentional, of course—in big castings for war machinery. The kind of mistakes that *will* turn up occasionally, no matter *how* careful and skillful

the foundry worker. But serious all the same.

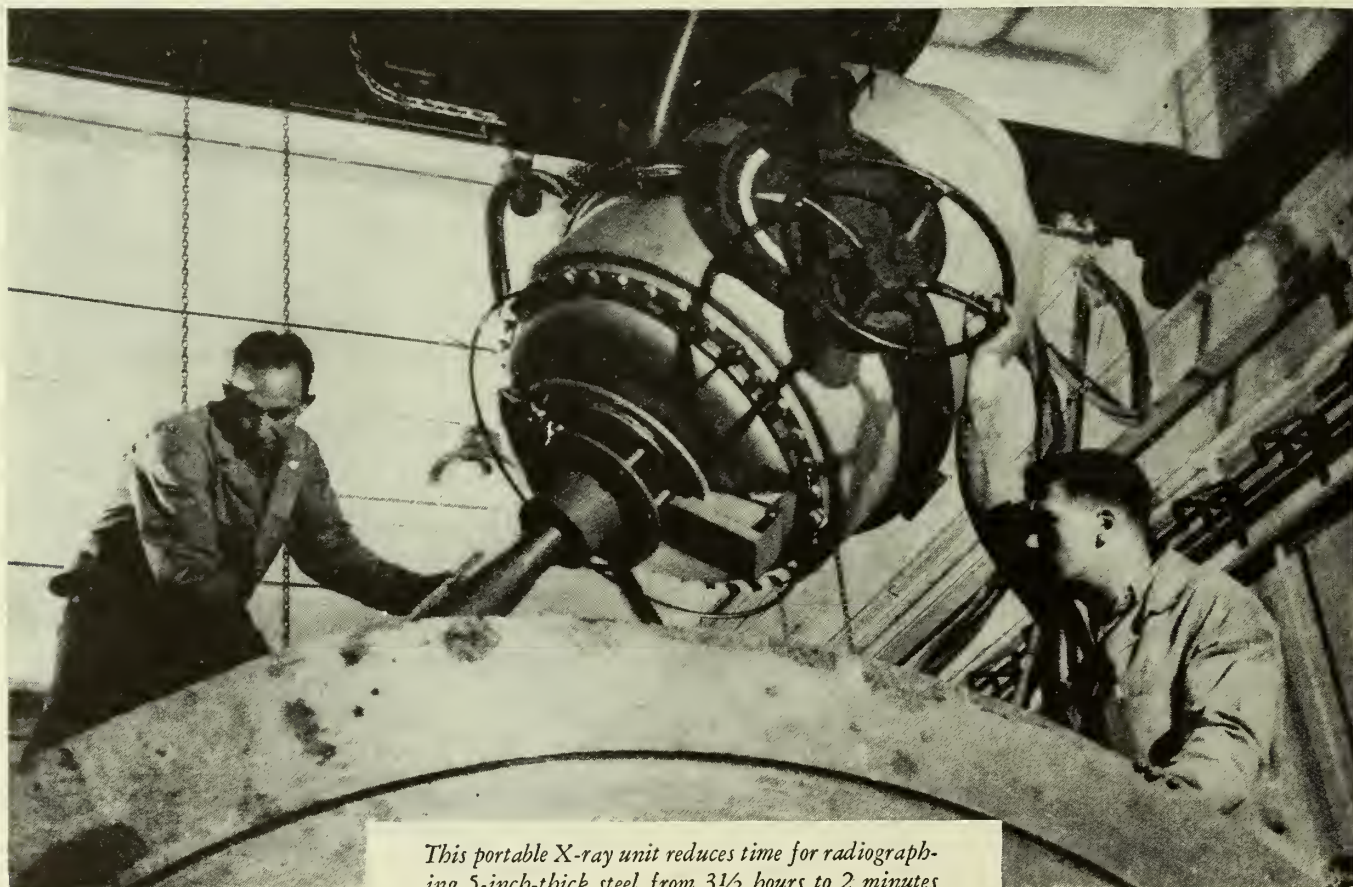
The worst of it is, they usually don't turn up soon enough. Buried in the middle of six or eight inches of hard steel—it's tough luck when they're discovered only after priceless hours of expert machining have gone into the job. And if the part is almost ready to ship, and the last cut of the tool runs into a flaw—then it's tougher!

That's just one calamity the million-volt X-ray keeps from happening. It pours out rays like those from radium, and a lot more plentiful. They pass right through the thick metal; in minutes they show up defects before a stroke of work has

been done. Anything that isn't perfect goes back to be melted over—literally liquidated!

It would take a catalog to list all the other war jobs these X-ray units are doing, and violate the rules of military secrecy as well. But we have them because G-E scientists and engineers have been exercising their ingenuity and perseverance on the subject of electronics for years. And they've only scratched the surface.

After the war this same ingenuity and perseverance will bear fruit in things to make peacetime living better. Which is why this promising field of electronics will bear watching! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



*This portable X-ray unit reduces time for radiographing 5-inch-thick steel from 3½ hours to 2 minutes*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**  
952-459C1

RESEARCH AND ENGINEERING KEEP GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD.





# Lo Takes the Warpath

By DONALD  
CULROSS PEATTIE

The American Indian, always a first class fighting man, is proving more than a match for the Jap in guile as well as in raw courage

THE fiercest enemy Americans have every had was that fellow-American, the red Indian. Every inch of the United States was savagely contested with him in a three-hundred-years war. Time and again he outfought us. At Blue Licks he defeated Dan Boone and the sharpest shooters of Kentucky; he routed Kit Carson and a regiment at Adobe Walls; with a band of 38 braves and 8 boys, Geronimo the Apache terrorized the Southwest and had 5000 U. S. cavalymen galloping around the desert in circles after him.

We had nearly to exterminate the redskin to make this country ours. Yet today the American Indians, ("Amerinds" for short) who forty years ago were considered a dying race, now number 400,000 souls, enjoying full American citizenship rights since 1924, and the grandsons of the painted warriors of the West are on the warpath once again—marching side by side with your boy.

The Amerinds have put between 15,000 and 20,000 braves into our fighting forces—more per capita than any other racial group in the country, white, yellow or black. Forty percent of the able-bodied male Crows are in the service today. Not one Jicarilla Apache asked deferment in the draft; they marched

out to war with the old blood-curdling Apache yell. The Winnebagoes have elected General MacArthur as Chief of all American Indians. Redskins bound for the Pacific theater have taken a vow not to come back till they have done a war dance in the streets of Tokyo. Old Henry One-Bull—now aged ninety-seven, who had seen Custer cut to pieces—led the first Sun Dance in over 50 years in the Dakota country to pray for the 2000 braves that the Sioux nation has mustered to fight the Japs and the Nazis.

Changing feather headdress for steel helmet, those boys and others like them are making good in every branch of the service. They are shouldering rifles, flying bombers, stalking the jungles in the Marines, sinking Jap tonnage from submarines, rolling over the sands in spitting tanks.

The very qualities that once made him our most blood-curdling foe make the Indian today the best buddy a fighting Yank could have. The red soldier is tough. Usually he has lived outdoors all his life, and lived by his senses; he is a natural Ranger. He takes to commando fighting with gusto. Why not? His ancestors invented it.

Says a top sergeant—a paleface—at Fort Benning, Georgia, "These Indians are the best morale tonic on the shelf. They take a hard job and make a game of it. We could use more like 'em."

At ambushing, scouting, signaling, sniping, they're peerless. Some can smell a snake yards away and hear the faintest movement; all endure thirst and lack of food better than the average. And some



Signed with a thumbprint her  
\$1,000 check for Navy Relief

have a unique trick up their sleeves. One of the biggest headaches in scout and signal work in Pacific jungle fighting is that so many Japanese understand English; they listen to our field radio messages and craftily horn in with misleading orders; even the knottiest code may be deciphered by slant-eyed experts. But there are no Nips that speak Winnebago or Navajo. That's why Amerind soldiers are picked for scout signal work. They telephone to their posts the most secret military information, but it's all Choctaw to the baffled Jap.

Indian soldiers are still earning the old and glorious name of brave. The first red man to give his life for Uncle Sam was Henry Nolatubby, a Chickasaw on the U.S.S. *Arizona*, who died fighting at Pearl Harbor. A fellow redskin, Corporal Hermann Boyd of Wellinpit, Washington, was wounded while per-

(Continued on page 30)



With his right arm shot off he pulled out his pistol and shot at the Zero until his ammunition gave out





# ..And We Can Do It Again

By HENRY J. REILLY  
BRIGADIER GENERAL, O. R. C.

The officers and men in these allied islands of resistance knew they were doomed. And the Germans, wiping them out, thought the battle was over

Twenty-five years ago, in July, 1918, came the turn in the tide that led, less than four months later, to the crushing of Germany and her allies. It is heartening to remember this, while realizing that victory this time will almost certainly take much longer

Illustrated by HERB STOOPS

armed forces in the west were of greater strength than those of the Allies facing them.

In March and April they heavily attacked the British, causing them such loss that Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig issued his famous "backs-to-the-wall" order.

In May, 1918 the Germans made their second big assault, driving the French from the Chemin-des-Dames south to the Marne river.

Their third great offensive, which was designed to put the French army out of the war and therefore was called the *Friedensturm*, or peace assault, was made on July 15th, from Château Thierry in the west to Rheims and thence across the Champagne to the Argonne. The Third American Division was in line at Château Thierry. Part of the 28th Division was to its right. Part of the 93d Division was near the Argonne Forest. The 42d (Rainbow) Division

**G**UN flashes everywhere, stabbing through the dark and disappearing only to reappear as the next round was fired. The sharp reports of the guns, the rushing sound of thousands of shells in mid-air and the "rump" sound of their bursts made me forget for the moment that I was watching and listening to the "Desert Victory" in a moving picture theater. I thought I was standing outside my post of command in the Champagne the night of July 14-15, 1918.

Montgomery's preparatory artillery fire began the turn of the tide in Africa during this war. Gen. Gouraud's preparatory counter-offensive artillery fire, from Rheims across the Champagne to

the Forest of the Argonne, began the turning of the tide which a few days less than four months later led to the Armistice and the end of the war of 1914-18.

Russia's dropping out of the war in 1917 enabled the Germans for the first time to concentrate their armed strength on the Western Front in France. Prior to that, they had to keep rushing their troops and guns from the Western Front to the Russian one and vice versa, depending upon the situation. During the winter of 1917-18, they moved all their best troops and most of their artillery from the Russian to the Western Front. By March, 1918, for the first time since the war began in August 1914, their



was in the center of the Champagne north of Chalons-sur-Marne, which was the main German objective. The 42d was distributed, each of its infantry regiments in a different French army corps, but backed up by its own artillery as well as French artillery.

There has been a good deal of misinformation printed about the part played by the Rainbow Division on the basis that it was in the second line. This is due to the fact that the so-called second line was the main line of Gouraud's Fourth French Army. The first line had been entirely abandoned, except for a number of volunteer watchers whose sole duty was to send up red rockets when they saw the German infantry actually leave their trenches to begin the assault.

Between the old first line and the second line on which the main fight was made, detachments of volunteers from the strength of a platoon up to a battalion occupied islands of resistance. The purpose of these islands of resistance was to break up the German attack by holding up the German infantry while the German artillery barrage went on. This accomplished two things. The first was that it robbed the German infantry of the protection of their artillery barrage because they were unable to keep up with it.

(Continued on page 47)



## 1918 Buddies 1943

By RALPH HOWARD

This account of Tom Furness, Red Cross man who was an officer with the First Division in our war, and his work with the new First Division, was cabled from Tunisia to this magazine in the closing days of the allied mop-up last May

*COLD NIGHTS in the mountains  
of Africa,  
Hot Nights in the Islands of the  
Pacific,  
All of them dark nights with no light  
after sun down.  
All of them lonesome nights.  
Hot days in the desert,  
Steaming days in the jungles  
All of them lonesome days with  
yearnings of home.  
American music can help pass those  
days and nights,  
But Radios are often taboo.  
Records and record players can go  
any place the troops go.  
But new unscratched records are  
necessary.  
You can help the men in the far off  
lands have records  
Go to your attic, into your cellar,  
clean out the cupboard  
Get out those old records of yours  
and give them  
To the American Legion Post in your  
community.  
They will go to Records for Our  
Fighting Men  
Who will sell them and buy new rec-  
ords for our fighting men.  
Draft every old record in your com-  
munity and send it to war.*

**MORE RECORDS FOR OUR  
FIGHTING MEN CAMPAIGN  
JULY 3rd to JULY 31st, 1943**

EDITOR'S NOTE: This dispatch, cabled to this magazine from North Africa on May 1st, when the allies were smashing at the Germans from the south and west, tells something about the operations of Tom Furness, veteran of our First Division in 1917-'18 and attached to that Division, as a Red Cross worker, in the Tunisian operations.

IF YOU were to pack up your old kit bag and go up to the front lines in Northern Tunisia where our American Second Corps is face to face with the axis, and sit down beside a road within sound of the guns, chances are you would meet Tom Furness. With a determined set to his jaw, he would be driving a shivering Chevy filled to overflowing with such items as soap, towels, candy bars, tobacco, reading material, writing paper for the boys up

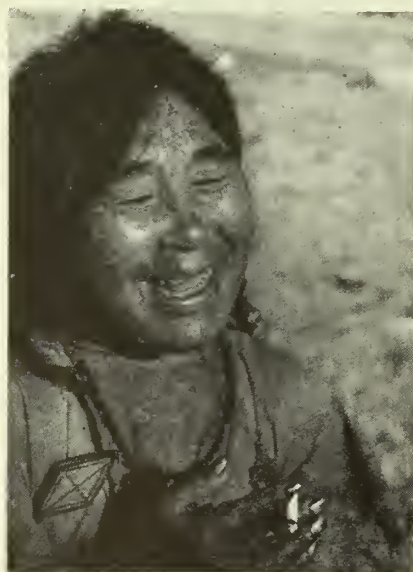
front. If you know Tom well, he would stop for a minute and pass the time of day under the blistering North African sun. If not, he would not smile and pass by for Tom is engaged in a big business and he takes it seriously, with little time for small talk and the comforts of home. These things have been left behind by the soldiers at the front and Tom is a true soldier. Thomas F. Furness is a field director of the American Red Cross and as such, spends his time in the field. It's not a desk job that Tom has. It's a job that has taken him and his colleagues through dive-bombing, strafing attacks. Numerous are the times they have jumped from their Chevy into a foxhole to escape the fire of enemy planes. At 48, Tom's features are weather-beaten, his hair is thinning. But he's the same six-foot, husky Tom Furness.  
(Continued on page 40)





The western portion of Alaska, with the Aleutian Islands. The inset map shows the relation of Attu to the Japanese homeland. Airline distances: Attu to Dutch Harbor, 880 miles, Attu to the Japanese homeland, 1800 miles

**Y**OU look at a map of Alaska and you see the now famed—but until recently little known—Aleutian Islands. You know that in June, 1942, a Jap task force was set to sneak along the Aleutians, knock out Dutch Harbor and establish a



She's American to the fingertips that hold the tailor made U. S. cigarette

bridgehead on the mainland. You know, too, that army planes from a make-shift Aleutian base attacked the Japs from the rear. You know this scared seven kinds of hell out of the Japs and they called off the whole business. They didn't know such a base existed. (And neither did most of America.)

The Japs dug in at the Island of Kiska. They were still there as this article was written, in spite of plenty of damage dished out by our bombers flying under incredible weather conditions. But we had crossed them up by sending a task force to Attu on the other side of Kiska and succeeded in cleaning the Japs out of there. So Kiska was in the grip of a nutcracker, with our forces at Amchitka and Attu all set to put the squeeze on the farthest-east Nipponese force at any time.

Thus the initiative in the Aleutians definitely passed to the American forces. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if the Japs ever contemplated moving closer to the North American mainland. People who didn't know about conditions in the Aleutians were saying, up to the time of our invading Attu, "Why don't the Japs by-pass Dutch Harbor?" You look on the map at the Alaskan coast line north of the Alaska Peninsula.

From Egegik (yes, that's the name) by airline to Bering Straits it is over six hundred miles.

You look at the numerous bays and indentations running into thousands of miles, and you say, "Plenty of places to land." But if you've had any military experience you qualify this with "depending on local conditions."

You first notice Bristol Bay stabs deeply inland, and you remember this is the world's greatest red salmon fishing ground. The back country rivers and lakes are a tremendous spawning area. You recall the Japs have always coveted this, and an *incident* almost developed into a war in 1936 and 1937. The Japs weren't ready, then.

Tides go out over the horizon in spots, and everything is lightered to the beach north of the Aleutians.

South of Nome is Norton Sound, with Norton Bay pushing deep into Alaska's westerly coast. "Hell!" you exclaim, "it's less than five hundred miles to Fairbanks, which the chamber of commerce calls the Golden Heart of Alaska."

You know there's gold and even a little tin in the Nome region, and that millions have been taken from the Fairbanks area. There are other minerals,



The American reoccupation of Attu, plus our base at Amchitka, has made the Aleutians a springboard for offensive action against the heart of Japan. Mr. Pierce here tells you why the Japs never had a chance of getting a toehold on the Alaskan mainland

An invasion army, stuck in a swamp, would give the Fairbanks bombers a Roman holiday, with slant-eyed Japs in the roles of those early Christians.

Then you think of what the Russians have done in sopping wet country when it freezes up and you ask, "Doesn't that country freeze up in winter? And wouldn't the Yukon make a swell highway for tanks, guns, men and supplies?"

Right!

The Lord must have wanted America to own Alaska, because He arranged everything to our advantage. We got it at a bargain, \$7,200,000, and thus far it has returned over \$2,250,000,000 in wealth. On the north is the Arctic. No enemy invasion from that direction. On the east and south are the friendly Canadians. The Canadian and American sourdoughs have long said at their meetings, "No border line here!"

The Aleutians were there for the fortifying and we did nothing about it until *almost* too late. Swampy country prevents a land invasion during the summer, then in winter, about the time the country freezes, down comes the ice from the Arctic, driving all shipping from the Bering Sea—except close to

the Aleutians—until late in April or May. By that time the west coast of Alaska is sopping wet again.

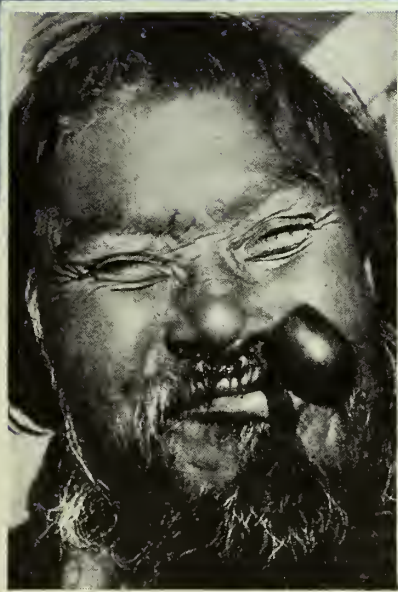
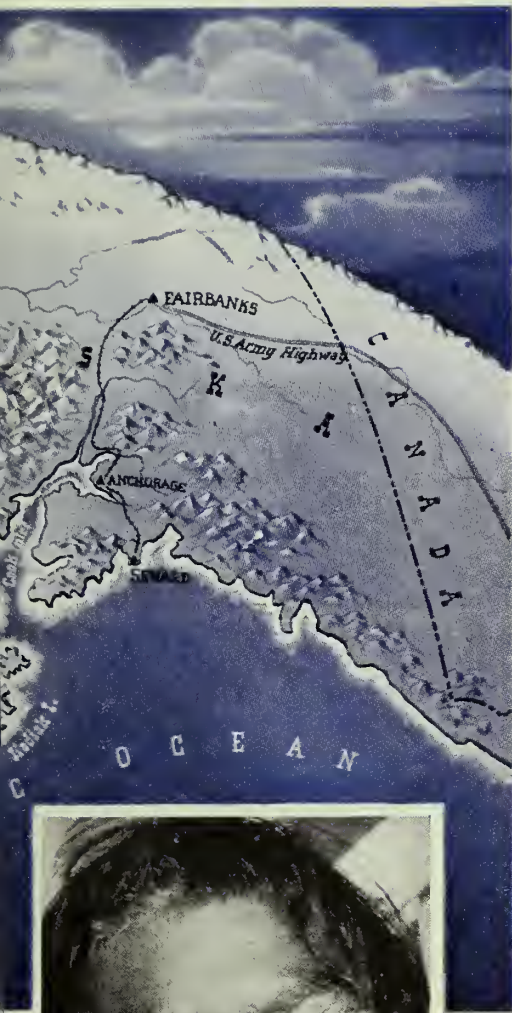
That is why the Japs weren't bypassing Dutch Harbor and establishing a bridge head on Norton Sound, seven hundred miles north of Dutch Harbor, and a hop, skip and jump from Alaska's golden heart. An expeditionary force can't go places when it can't be supplied. And if when it could go places, the ice would knock out its supply line.

You wonder about the natives? Are they loyal? Or are they working with the Japs? In the emergency, when we were spreading our ships all too thin, did we leave them flat?

That brings us to *oomiak-puk*, which is Eskimo for the Coast Guard cutters. To the natives throughout the north and in the Aleutians the cutters were concrete evidence of America. The service the Coast Guard rendered is a little-known story, which isn't surprising, for the former Revenue Cutter Service has never gone in for publicity.

Oomiak-puk didn't fail the natives this time, either. Those living north of the Pribilof Islands (home of the fur

(Continued on page 32)



He's buying war bonds and has his money in an American bank

too. So the loot value north of the Aleutians is tremendous—fish, Japan's national diet; minerals, which they need badly; and meat (reindeer and caribou).

You wonder what held back the Japs. With luck, a task force could have pushed, you thought, through the Bering Sea fog and rains to Norton Sound without detection. For all the lack of wharves, and the vast stretches of tide flats off the mouths of the Bristol Bay streams, and the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers there are plenty of places to establish beach heads. But the country beyond is sopping wet—lakes, swamps, creeks and rivers, not the least of which is the Yukon, which got lost and wandered all over before finding Bering Sea.



The kids know the Coast Guard officer as a bringer of rare gifts



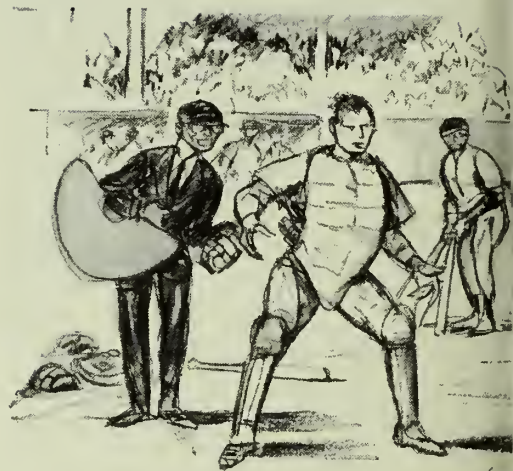
The whole family gets aboard the sailboat for a trip to another island



# Japs and the 3rd Inning

By ALFRED W. PLACE

An American who taught for many years in a  
Nipponese university tells you what's back of  
Bushido, the code by which they operate



**T**HE Japanese have put a ban on baseball because it is unsportsmanlike." This headline has appeared in our American papers in recent months. In taking this action the Japs have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Baseball is the most popular sport in Japan. Every village has a team. Fathers and sons rise early and play a game before breakfast. In every nook and corner of the empire little boys with baby brothers tied to their backs can be seen playing ball. Even sucking babies get into the game over there! Tokyo has many baseball parks, the largest seating 65,000 Japs, and this is filled for a middle school championship game. When two universities play, it isn't nearly big enough.



Carrying the trousers  
over his arm to save them  
from being mud-splashed

I coached the first successful baseball teams in Japan. As a professor of Research in Industry in Waseda and Keio Universities in Tokyo, just for the love of the sport I went out and taught the students our American game of baseball. As a professor I learned about Japanese industry, but as a baseball coach I really got acquainted with the Jap and with the real meaning of his philosophy of *Bushido*.

Everything the Jap does or thinks is cock-eyed to us. They build the roof of a house first. They put the timber above them and pull the saw—we put it below us and push the saw. We push a plane—they pull it. We lead a horse into the stable—they back him in. We count animals by the head—they count them by the tail. If you want them to do a certain thing, you must suggest the opposite. In the January number of *Reader's Digest* Lt. Col. Clear told how he won his fight against the jiu-jitsu champion of the Japanese army because he knew this fact. When the Jap asked him whether he wanted light or heavy gloves, Clear said "Heavy." So the Jap insisted upon the light, and Clear drove his teeth down his throat in the fight, which he could not have done with the heavy gloves.

The Jap could not learn to bat in our usual way—it had to be different. If you pitched to him, he couldn't hit the ball with a barn door, so I used a bamboo fishing pole with about fifteen feet of string, with a ball instead of a worm tied to the end. I faced the batter and held the ball still over the plate and taught him first to hit the ball standing still. That went on for six months. Finally one Jap got the knack and knocked the ball over the fence. I told the rest to watch him carefully and imitate him. When I came back, four days later, every member of the team was knocking the ball over the fence. Fielding and base-running were easy to teach them.

The greatest ambition the Japs had was to beat American universities. Waseda and Keio first challenged the University of Washington. By the time Washington arrived I had learned to direct the plays in Japanese. Washington couldn't understand but the Japanese crowd could, and they got the biggest kind of a kick out of it. If the batter was a sucker for an out-curve, I would call "Kubi kiri." This signal tickled the crowd because "Kubi" means "neck" and "kiri" means "to cut." Instead of its real meaning—to cut off the head with a two-handed *samurai* sword—this became slang for a curve ball around the neck. Only a few of the crowd could hear me but these called to the rows farther back and they to others still farther away, and before the Jap pitcher could wind up, forty thousand Japs were calling "Kubi kiri." These signals, which let the crowd know the play before it happened, made the game for the Japanese popular.

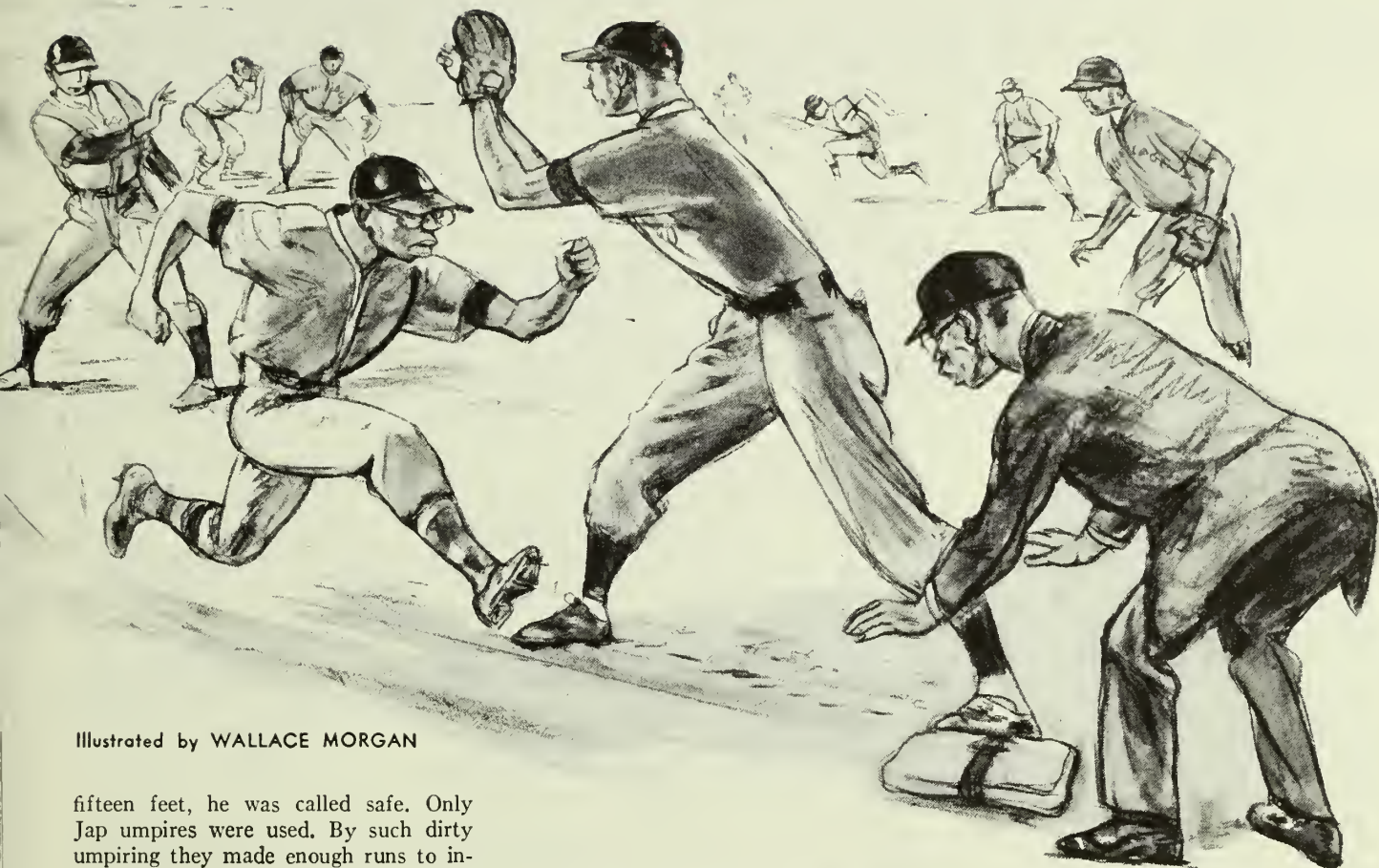
In this first series the Japs won every game, and then did they get "hana takai!" "Hana" is "nose" and "takai" is "high," which to us is plain *swell-head*.

The next year they challenged the University of Wisconsin and beat them every game, and the following year the University of California and beat them every game—thirty games in a row—which raised their noses almost to the perpendicular.

These were good American teams. You might ask, "Are the Japs the super-race they claim to be?" The answer is found in a malodorous third-inning strategy that was used without alteration in all the thirty games. When the Japs were at bat in the third inning, every pitch to the first man up was called a ball, even if it was over the heart of the plate. So the batter got his base on balls. The next batter bunted and even if the ball beat him to first by



The runner was out a mile,  
but the umpire called him safe



Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

fifteen feet, he was called safe. Only Jap umpires were used. By such dirty umpiring they made enough runs to insure them victory. After that they umpired a pretty fair game. These tactics netted them the thirty games in a row. But their chickens came home to roost.

This unbroken succession of wins brought great popularity to Waseda and Keio, and all over Japan the fans clamored for a series of five games between the two universities for a championship. A series was arranged, the dates were set and the same umpires were chosen for this series. All of this was published in a Tokyo morning paper. Then things began to happen, and *fast*. Before noon about a hundred and fifty Waseda students went to these umpires and demanded that the games be thrown to Waseda, under threat that the umpires would be killed. This was not our joking cry, "Kill the umpire!" Those fellows knew that it was in dead earnest. Before night a Keio student delegation also called on the umpires and promised them death if they did not throw the games to Keio. Each student body wanted that dirty third inning used in favor of its university.

Then the authorities came to me, and after beating about the bush for more than an hour, said in effect: "According to Japanese custom you are the czar of baseball in Japan. You also are an American and Japan loves America, and the students of Japan honor you. Will you umpire these games?"

I refused (naturally!) on the grounds

that the students had not yet learned the inner meaning of American baseball, particularly that good sportsmanship is just as much a part of American baseball as are bat and ball. Not until they became as good losers as winners would I umpire for them. They had to give up playing this series of games and were not able to play such a series for nearly twenty years. When finally they did play it, there was bloodshed. They were clinging to the teaching of *Bushido*—that it is a disgrace to lose but perfectly all right to kill the umpire in order to win.

The Japanese are supreme egotists and are persistent. They felt that now they could beat my alma mater, the University of Chicago, and challenged them. I apprized the University authorities of the third-inning umpiring and of the Waseda-Keio series episode, but they accepted the challenge on condition that I take full charge of the Chicago team in Japan. This suited the Japs' ego, for they felt that I would be a handicap rather than a help to the visitors.

The time for the first game arrived, with Chicago playing Keio. We were prepared for the notorious umpiring of the third inning, but really expected some variation. Pat Page, our star pitcher, took a chance, however, and put four straight ones over the heart of the plate. The umpire called them all

balls. We were now sure that the next batter would bunt. Pat got the ball to first at least fifteen feet ahead of the runner, but the umpire called him *safe*.

Here I made a speech in Japanese that had been a year in preparation. I told them that the University of Chicago knew, before they accepted this challenge, that the Japanese teams had won thirty games in a row by this method—that the Chicago team would not play dishonest games, neither would they compete with any team which used dishonest umpiring. I stated bluntly that if this was not to be an honest series, the university had given me authority to return the team to America without playing a single game in Japan. And I asked for their decision.

Taken completely by surprise, and facing national disgrace if the American team left without playing, they politely accepted the protest and promised an honest series. We accepted the decisions already made, which had put two men on base. This was really necessary, according to Japanese custom, to "save the face" of the two umpires. We did have an honest series and everybody was extremely happy, even though the University of Chicago won every game.

Years of happy relations in baseball between Japan and America followed. And as a direct result of this episode.

(Continued on page 49)

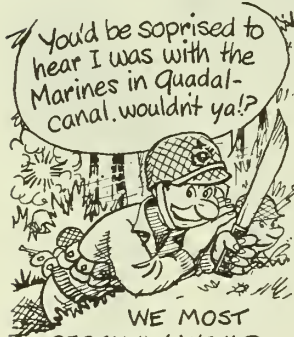


# A LETTER FROM A BUDDY "SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS"



I'll burn this guy up for making fun of me as a Rear-Rank Rookie!!

WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE COULD READ -



You'd be surprised to hear I was with the Marines in Guadalcanal. wouldn't ya!?

WE MOST CERTAINLY WOULD -



You don't hear us squawkin' about K.P. and peeling spuds, do ya!?

Better not!!

IT WOULDN'T GET BY THE CENSOR ANYWAY -



No radio - and all our records is worn out - cracked, and chipped - Gosh!! wot wouldn't we do for just one new record!!

Dear Mister Wallgren,

June 4th, 1943

Don't you love that "Mister?" witch is wot you are, ole 4-F (Fat, Flabby, Fifty, + Frustrated) You can't git in this war, but you can help us win it by obeying the orders of your Top-Kick (our C-in-C) down in Wash.D.C.

We'll win quicker if all you fokes back home back us up a hummer % - buying war bonds, and all - and not bellyaching about rationing, and things being outa bounds, etc.

You don't hear us complaining, becuz we know we got a job to do - and grining about wot we gotta go thru don't help git it over any sooner. We're grateful for all the gifts, cards, smokes, and letters, that finely git thru to us - but, mebbe you can read betwix the lines, and drop some fictures-like us wishing we had some more phonograph records to play on our portables out here - and sorta work in some of your own ideas, like you know wot. You know the kinda stuff we like, ole timer. All you Legion fellows does.

Witch reminds me I'm a veteran myself now, and when us World War 2 vets git back home from winning the war an offil lot of us is going to join up in your Legion, on acct. of you know wot it's all about from experience. That'll be a break for us, becuz you all had to start from scratch and had to bild up your own organization without help.

And a lot of us, espeshilly we, with Legion relatives, and freinds, know wot a battle you had gittin gain good. Some day your wish might come true that all the veterans of both wars will be in the Legion together - and some day - witch is bound to come - when you birds git too old to carry the ball, we'll be on hand to carry on for you. Yeh hah!

Right now us boys is doin O.K. - we git aplenty of good eats, except when we're moving up too fast for the jeep ration carts to keep up with us. But we feel sorry for you poor curies at home. It's a shame that the Govt. can't issue you sugar, and coffee, and meat, and spuds - like they do us - and that you have to raise Victory Gardens to grow enough food to tide you over the duration. How does black market horse-meat taste anyhow? We had some [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. CENSORED

The only thing wot gits us down is some smelly Satrine rumors that a few home front hells is lettin us down - but, we got a big laff outa them nice hilly officers in Atlantic City bawling marching songs like "Roll out the barrel" - "How dry I am" - and "Hinky Dinky Parley Voua." Wait till them lads git overseas, and hear some of the new songs we're singin. Have you got a load of "Dirty Gentie from Bigate" yet? Poor madamoiselle.

Now remember, like Kate Smith sez, if you're not wrong you'll write. Your lil ole orphint pal, Hoosgow Herman.

P.S. Please send us some new records.

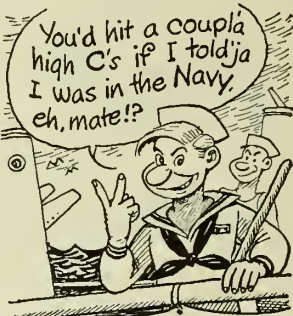
P.F.C. (Praying for Corporal)

V...-MAIL



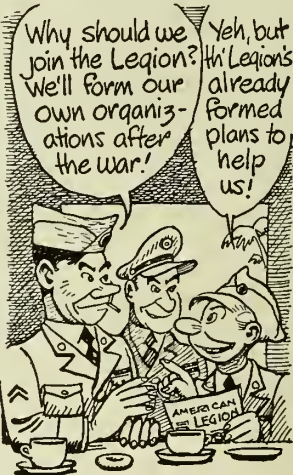
Guess you didn't expect to be hearin' from me from over here where we are!?

WE WONDERED WHERE HE'D DISAPPEARED TO -



You'd hit a coupla high C's if I told'ja I was in the Navy. eh, mate!?

- WE'D BE SUNK WITHOUT A TRACE

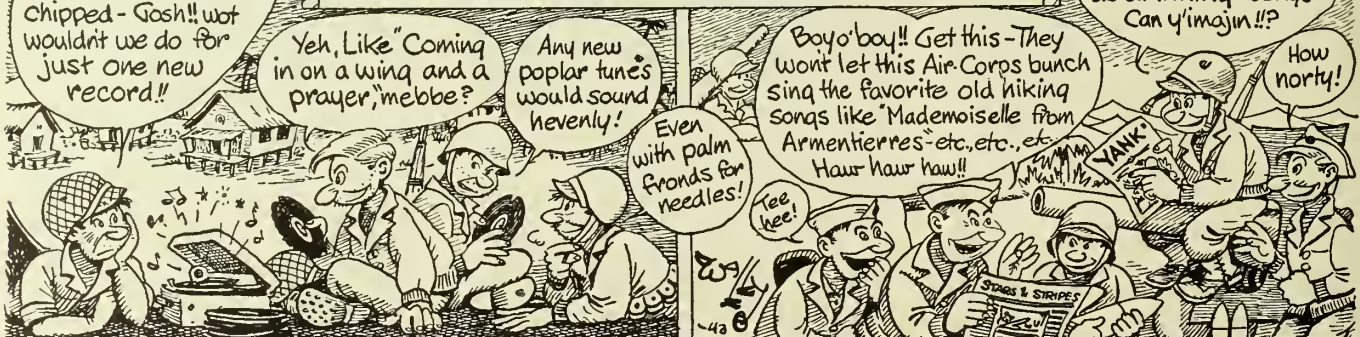


Why should we join the Legion? We'll form our own organizations after the war!

Yeh, but th' Legion's already formed plans to help us!

THEY'LL BE OUR NATURAL INHERITORS - AND WELCOME

No - They're afear'd they "might be mistaken as slurs on wimmen, the courage of sojers, or as drinking songs" Can y'imagin!?



Yeh, Like "Coming in on a wing and a prayer," mebbe?

Any new poplar tunes would sound heavenly!

Even with palm fronds for needles!

Boyo'boy!! Get this - They won't let this Air Corps bunch sing the favorite old hiking songs like "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" - etc., etc., etc. Haur haur haur!!

How norty!





# How to Spot a hero

## Notice to Legion Readers

Giant size reproduction (38" x 53") of this page in full color is available... FREE... while quantity lasts. Interesting, colorful, timely... this poster is ideal for offices, window backgrounds, and buildings wherever people gather. *Write Today* for your copy, HART SCHAFFNER & MARX, CHICAGO



**Army Distinguished Service Medal**—For outstanding service in duty of great responsibility.



**Army Purple Heart**—For singularly meritorious service, or wounds received in action.



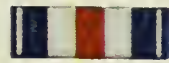
**Army Distinguished Service Cross**—For extraordinary heroism in a military operation against an armed enemy.



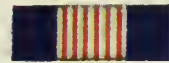
**Congressional Medal of Honor**—Highest award for gallantry in battle. This is the Army's ribbon. The Navy's has more stars.



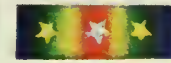
**Distinguished Flying Cross**—Army and Navy award, heroism or extraordinary achievement.



**Army Silver Star**—For gallantry in action not warranting the Medal of Honor or a D.S.C.



**Soldier's Medal**—For heroism not involving an actual military conflict with an enemy.



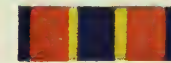
**Victory Medal**—For service in World War. Each star denotes service in a major engagement.



**Spanish Campaign**—For service in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and in the Philippine Islands, 1898.



**Puerto Rico Occupation**—For service on the Island of Puerto Rico in the year 1898.



**Cuban Occupation**—For service between 1898 and 1902; after the Spanish-American War.



**Philippine Campaign Medal**—For combat service in the Islands between 1899 and 1913.



**Philippine Congressional Medal**—For service in the Islands during Philippine Insurrection.



**China Campaign Medal**—For the relief expedition to Peking from June, 1900, to May, 1901.



**Cuban Pacification**—For service on the Island of Cuba between the years of 1906 and 1909.



**Nicaragua Medal**—For service in the Nicaraguan campaign 1912.



**Mexican Service Medal**—For service on Mexican Border and in Mexico—1914-19.



**Mexican Border Service Medal**—For Mexican Border Patrol, through the years 1916-17.



**Yangtze Medal**—Awarded for service in the great Yangtze River Valley, China—1932.



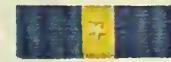
**China Service**—Awarded for service in China during the emergency of 1937.



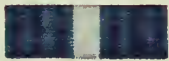
**American Defense Medal**—For a year's active service between Sept. 8, 1939, and Pearl Harbor. The star denotes actual combat.



**Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal**—For all expeditions not covered by special medals.



**Navy Distinguished Service Medal**—For outstanding service in duty of great responsibility. Gold Star denotes second award.



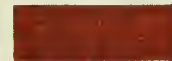
**Navy Cross**—For extraordinary heroism or distinguished service not warranting the Medal of Honor or a D.S.M.



**Marine Brevet Medal**—Awarded for distinguished conduct in the presence of an enemy.



**Army Good Conduct**—Awarded to enlisted men only.



**Navy Good Conduct**—Awarded to enlisted men only.



**Coast Guard Good Conduct**—Awarded to enlisted men only.



Distinguished Service Medal



Order Purple Heart



Dist. Service Cross



Dist. Flying Cross



Medal of Honor



Citation Star



Soldier's Medal



Victory Medal



Civil War



Italian Wars



Spanish War Service



Span.-Amer Campaign



Cuban Occupation



Philippine Occupation



Philippine Congressional



China Relief



Cuban Pacification



Mexican Border

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • INVEST IN THE BEST

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



# Timed to the Split Second



Whether it's the *mass destruction* of Axis war equipment or the *mass production* of our own, timing is all important. Parts, materials and sub-assemblies often come to large war plants from hundreds of factories in scores of widely separated cities.

Getting too much, too early is almost as serious as getting too little, too late . . . materials must arrive on schedule if finished war products are to be delivered on time.

In 741 war plants recently checked, 65% of all incoming freight was carried by truck. Here are some of the principal reasons:

Trucks operating between factories are actually an integral part of the assembly lines. They transport materials from the shipping dock of one plant to the receiving dock of another without transfer or delay. They deliver the goods at any hour of the day or night wherever wheels can roll!

★ ★  
Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the war. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time." Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.



INVEST IN VICTORY... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

## GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces



# Alamein Yanks in Tanks

By HAROLD FRANK



The three American tanks and the fourteen Nazi wagons blazed away at each other. The Germans couldn't take it.

**I**T WAS two o'clock on the morning of September 1, 1942, when we got the word that Rommel was on the move. We were camped on the Egyptian desert, six crews of young Americans and six American tanks, attached to the Fourth Royal Tank Regiment of the British Army.

That's how I happened to get into the fight. Rommel had been pushing eastward almost to Alexandria and the British had stopped him, finally, and there they sat, both sides sparring for time and an opening.

The last day of August had been hot on the desert, and I mean hot. The temperature got up around 128 and just hung there and there wasn't any breeze. There were plenty of flies. "El Alamein Messerschmidts," we called them. You just couldn't drive them off.

In the late afternoon we got word that we were going to be relieved next day and sent back to Cairo. We'd been out "in the blue" as the British Tommies call the front, for some time, and were anxious to get back.

There had been a handful of Americans up ahead of us and some of them

A member of the first American group operating U. S. tanks in the Middle East tells how these battle wagons helped stop Rommel cold last September. Two months later began the British push under Montgomery that became a triumph

were captured at about the time of the fall of Tobruk. We had heard rumors about them and, of course, we wondered whether we would be next. These crews were mistakenly captured by Free French forces which mistook them for German troops because they were wearing our green work uniforms, which are similar to that of the Germans.

We were there to learn about tank warfare. The British had used a lot of our tanks and we went up to take lessons under actual battle conditions. Well, we got taught!

I was assigned to a tank that had been a casualty twice before in British hands. First, at a place called Stuka Valley it had been knocked out. Then while a team of British mechanics was repairing it, a Nazi plane dropped a bomb close by. The mechanics had seen the plane coming and four dived under the tank, but all four were killed. Another was killed while climbing into the side door,

the sixth member of the party died of shrapnel in the basket. That was the whole party.

There was lots of blood inside when we took over. The machine was pretty much of a wreck. Besides

being knocked out twice by enemy action, it had about 200 engine hours and 1,100 miles to its credit . . . without ever having been given an engine overhaul. So we had a job of work getting it into shape.

Well, we did just that. Was that tank a honey! Let me say this here and now: Those American tanks can take anything—anything—and come back for more. They're the toughest babies on the battle lines, and don't let anybody tell you different.

Our driver, Sergeant Tony Sacco of Atlantic City, is the man chiefly responsible for the repairs that put our machine back into service. He called it *Clara* after some girl he knew back home and he lavished loving care on it every minute he was awake. Good thing he did, too.

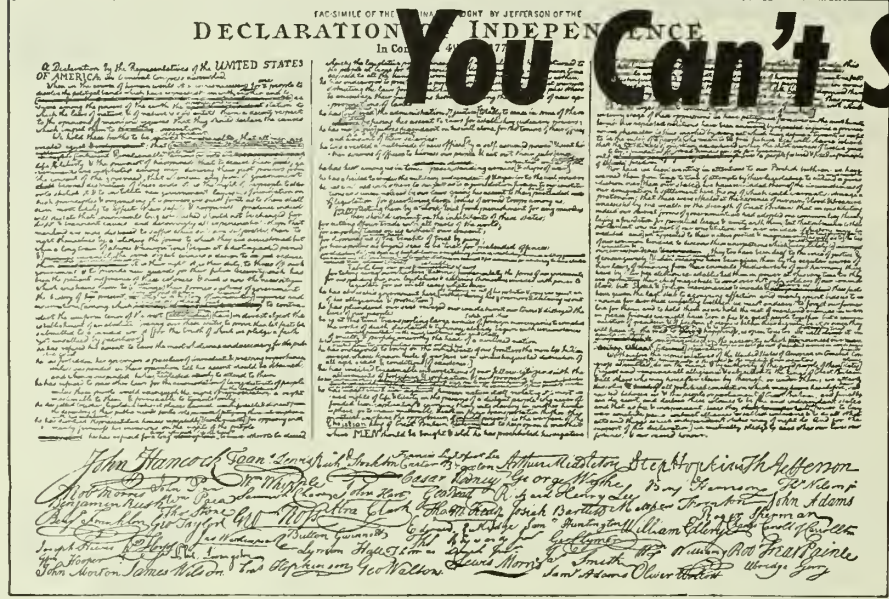
So here it was, two o'clock on the morning of September first, and some—  
(Continued on page 42)



# You Can't See It Now

By  
**MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY**

The Declaration of Independence, our greatest state paper, has been taken from its proud place in the Library of Congress, for the duration. Here's the story of its travels during the last 167 years



**I**N ITS issue of the 28th of February, 1942, a magazine of national circulation stated, "England's Magna Charta . . . is now in hiding far from Washington, together with the original draft of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution."

Nineteen years ago, on the 26th of February, 1924, the Declaration ended its twenty-first journey—a journey which the Government of the United States fondly hoped would be its last. The permanent home prepared for it was a shrine against whose background of grayish-black York marble in gold letters was this inscription:

THE  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE  
AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Declaration's cracked parchment, inscribed with words for which men have given their lives, was covered by two sheets of plate glass. Between them was a transparent film of gelatine to neutralize the actinic rays of light and prevent further fading. For additional protection the document was placed in a metal case, closed by bronze doors. This shrine was placed in the Library of Congress. Eloquent speakers hailed it as the Declaration's "final abode in a place of absolute safety with permanent protection."

Absolute safety. Permanent protection. Never before had the Declaration had either. But the Declaration has traveled again—for the twenty-second time. Where? Ask the President, or the F.B.I.

The Declaration rests in safe obscurity. It's life has alternated between temporary honor by the public, flight and hiding. This is its story.

On the 12th of December, 1776, Congress was in an uproar. A motion to adjourn was before the House. Several members were on their feet demanding recognition by the Chair. One shouted, "To flee is craven!" and sat down mopping his wet brow, though outside the thermometer stood at zero.

The Speaker recognized Samuel Adams. The Massachusetts member spoke with forced calmness. "I grant you the American cause seems well-nigh hopeless. It is true that for months Washington has been retreating until now he and his men are in Pennsylvania. In Jersey, within a day's march, are the British. Should this bitter cold

strengthen the ice, the Delaware River will offer the British swift passage into Philadelphia. This is the situation—seemingly.

"Fellow members, I tell you it is but seemingly. Providence is on our side. God's arm is not shortened. If need be, He will work a miracle to save Philadelphia. Despite all that threatens our new nation, He will establish America's feet upon a rock. Let us stay where we are—here in Philadelphia."

But Congress did not share Adams's faith. Should the enemy seize the city, the members could be dealt with individually as traitors. Congress, as a body, could be held for treason and conspiracy.



"The Chair recognizes Samuel Adams of Massachusetts"



The motion to adjourn carried and the members rushed out to pack and flee. Hastily, Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, flung the Declaration of Independence with other state papers into a black bag. Coming out of the State House, he found a clumsy road wagon filled with members of Congress waiting for him. "Get in, Thomson!" called the driver. "I've saved a place for you. Put your bag under this seat."

The wagon rattled away to Baltimore as fast as the frozen, rutted roads would permit. Congress settled down for a long stay. But Samuel Adams's miracle took place. On Christmas Eve, Washington's motley army captured Trenton. The British gave up their designs on Philadelphia and returned to New York. Shamefacedly, Congress hustled back to Philadelphia and the Declaration was placed in Charles Thomson's desk. For the second time in its short life it had taken a journey.

Within a few months, again Philadelphia was threatened. Admiral Howe's fleet, mysteriously missing for days, suddenly appeared at the head of Chesapeake Bay. Not until Congress reached Lancaster did it stop for breath. That night Secretary Thomson slept with the black bag under his pillow. In the morning, Congress, panic-stricken, decided that Lancaster was too near Philadelphia for safety. So on to York it fled. There the Secretary put the Declaration in a safe in the courthouse—a much safer place for state papers than a black bag.

Over this flight the British waxed sar-



"Get in, Thomson!" called the driver. "I've saved a place for you. Put your bag under this seat"

castic. In Rivington's *Gazette Extra* was this comment, "Deacon Loudon, editor of the New York *Packet*, has given a garbled account of the squabble among the Congress rapsallions which terminated in Easy John Hancock leaving the chair. As this production is calculated to mislead the public, we are happy to present to our readers the statement of an eye witness.

"As soon as the rebels learned that the British fleet was at the head of Chesapeake Bay, a motion was made in Congress for adjournment to some place at least one hundred miles from any part of God's kingdom where the British mercenaries could safely land. This, after some rapturous demonstrations, was carried. Immediately, Congress commenced

the retreat, leaving old nose Thomson to pack up the duds and write promises to pay (when Congress could return) the debts of Congress."

On the 18th of June, 1778, the British evacuated Philadelphia and in time for the Independence Day celebration the Declaration returned to Philadelphia. Such a welcome as it received! At dawn, a salute of thirteen guns was fired. During the day, bands played and the Army paraded. In the evening there were fireworks. And every soldier received a double issue of his daily rum ration!

Five years later these soldiers sent the Declaration again scurrying to safety. The war was over but the soldiers had not been paid. Congress was willing—even anxious—to discharge this obligation. But it had no money.

The explanation that there were no funds in the Treasury did not give food to the hungry ex-soldiers nor furnish decent clothing in exchange for their rags. In June, 1783, eighty mutinous troops from Lancaster joined a rebellious corps in Philadelphia. Together they marched to the State House and demanded their pay. All day they stood their ground, shouting threats, sometimes even pointing their guns at the windows. Inside, Congress did not even pretend to hold a meeting. Its members milled about, discussing the situation in groups. Darkness fell before Congress came to order and made a motion to leave Philadelphia. Only one member objected. He exclaimed excitedly, "To flee before this disorderly mob would be an exhibition of terror disgraceful to Congress as a body and to its members individually."

The members hung their heads. The motion was voted down. Just the same, Congress disbanded and quietly slipped away to Princeton. With it, of course, went Charles Thomson and his black bag. Three days later, June 24, 1783, Congress met in the scholastic atmosphere of the College of New Jersey,

(Continued on page 44)







Nine years ago the Chevrons of The American Legion was organized as one of the honor clubs of the Ashland (Kentucky) High School. Above, the Chevrons of 1942-1943

# Chevrons of the Legion

**T**HANKFUL for the opportunity to attend a free public school and secure assistance from our friends, The American Legion, sponsors of patriotism, citizenship and vocational guidance, we join ourselves together as Chevrons of The American Legion for the following purpose:

"To uphold the rules and regulations of our High School; to cooperate with The American Legion in every way possible; to develop a sense of obligation to our school, community, state and nation; to foster a program of clean sportsmanship and clean speech, and conduct ourselves in such way that our actions will always be an honor to the Chevrons organization."

That is the Preamble to the Constitution of an unique high school club sponsored by Clarence Fields Post, The American Legion, in the Ashland, Kentucky, Senior High School. Composed of about thirty high school boys each year, the Chevron Club has just completed its ninth year and has built so

solidly and constructively that it is recognized by faculty and pupils as one of the highest honor units in the school scheme. Membership is attained only by invitation, a circumstance that has served to maintain the high scholastic and school standing requirements and to preserve the ideals expressed in the Preamble.

"The work of this club should inspire the youth of other schools throughout the country to organize and perpetuate similar clubs in their own schools now and in the years to come," writes V. L. Sturgill, faculty sponsor during the 1941-1943 school years, but who is now in active Red Cross service with troops at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. "The boys may or may not be sons of members of the Legion, therefore the work does not in any way duplicate that of the Sons of the Legion organization which, by its title, is restricted in its membership. The Chevron Club boys long since chose and wear proudly a specially designed pin of their own, and the club itself has been and still is one of the strongest boys' clubs in the Ashland Senior High School.

"I was Adjutant of Clarence Fields Post at the time the Chevron Club was organized and I know its story intimately, and the fine things that have come out of it for so many of the high school youth of that community. This club has built up a fine tradition of character, leadership and timely patriotism," con-

tinues Past Adjutant Sturgill in his review of the nine years of the club's activity.

The club idea originated with Fred Rigsby who, at the beginning of the 1934-1935 school year, laid his plan before Judge A. W. Mann, who was then Commander of Clarence Fields Post. The proposal was referred to a committee for study and report, and for a development of the plan. That committee reported promptly and at a meeting on December 10, 1934, Legionnaire Tom Burchett, then Department Membership Chairman, moved that the plan as worked out be adopted and that the work of organization proceed. The name "Chevrons" was suggested by Commander Mann.

Fred Rigsby, who suggested the organization of the club and who was a member of the high school faculty, was named as faculty sponsor—but the sponsorship goes further than general oversight of a high school club. Each member of the club is assigned to a selected Legionnaire who acts as his sponsor and advisor throughout the whole high school course; a plan designed to bring the boy in touch with a man who is competent to aid and advise





him in his school work and to serve as mentor in furthering plans for the preparation of the lad for his life's vocation.

Members of the Chevrons Club attend meetings of Clarence Fields Post with their faculty sponsor, and in this and other ways the Chevrons become acquainted with all civic movements and learn to take an active part in the service of the school and of the community.

Though organized on military lines with a major as the presiding officer, a captain and lieutenant as his assistants, and an adjutant as secretary, the unit is in no way obligated to military influence or control.

Several dozen of the club members responded to the call to the colors when the present war came to us, and are now serving in Uncle Sam's armed forces in many places on the globe with the same loyalty, devotion and high purpose that marked their high school days as members of the Chevrons of The American Legion.

Regular meetings of the club are held once each week during the school term, for which constructive programs are arranged. Some of the best speakers and most prominent men of Ashland, and occasionally a guest speaker from some other place, discuss with the club members subjects of current interest and of practical importance.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so the social side is not neglected. The club, like all other such organizations, has its lighter moments of clean fun and good fellowship, particularly at the banquet meetings given to the members of the graduating class in December and April.

A school club of any kind would not



New Orleans Post sponsors an All American All Girl Revue for the entertainment of service men and, under direction of Bill Jacobs, are making a record

be complete without a motto, flower, song and emblematic device, and the Chevron Club has all of them. The motto is: "Knowledge is power;" the song, "America," and the flower is the red poppy, the Legion's official memorial flower.

The emblem, worn as a pin by members, combines the ideas of knowledge, loyalty to the school and loyalty to our country.

The Chevron Club plan, it would seem, offers a splendid corollary for a year-round continuation of the work so splendidly done in the annual short-term Boys' States, though not necessarily with an interlocking membership. Its first purpose is to develop leadership, scholarship and character among high school boys—and no Post of the Legion could undertake a higher accomplishment.

## All Girl Revue

NEW ORLEANS (Louisiana) Post is in the show business in a big way, reports Publicity Chairman Marian A. Black, ex-Yeoman (F) rcl, who dishes up the news for the Post and its Auxiliary Unit.

The Post-sponsored All American All Girl Revue, under the direction of Legionnaire William A. (Bill) Jacobs is having a run in the New Orleans area longer than many of the revues that blossom, and quickly fade, under Broadway's dimmed-out lights. Up to May 1st the Revue had given twenty-six performances at army camps, naval stations and hospitals in the New Orleans area, and was just getting under way for a real run. The company has a strenuous schedule ahead of it.

The company is composed of twenty-two New Orleans girls brought together by Director Jacobs, and was organized for the sole purpose of furnishing entertainment without cost to the men in the armed forces in and about New Orleans.

No individual connected with the show is paid a dime for services and as the Army and Navy furnish transportation and housing and food, when necessary on out-of-town trips, the expense of operation has been held down to a minimum. The show has been received with great enthusiasm wherever it has been produced. Men in uniform think it's a knockout.

Here are the girls who form the company: Myrtle Timmons, pianist; Althea Jacobs, Mary Kassing, Esther Larkin, Lois Timmons, Melonie and Yvonne Dauenhauer, Gloria Bordelon, Adrienne Cooper, singers; Emelda Troxler, Louvaine and Ellen Tonglet, Olga Bertucci, Marion and Felicie Barnes, dancers; Florence Kippers and Shirley Posecai, steel guitarists; Ethel Valentine, Spanish guitarist; Therese Venezia, acrobat, and Marion (Pat) Samuels, comic.



Robbins-McMullen Post of Grand Junction, Colorado, celebrated the Legion's birthday by burning the mortgage on its home. Above, left to right, Commander Ira Lindsay, Department Commander A. Wayne Luellen and District Committeeman Carl Dewey





Sheppard Field, near Wichita Falls, Texas, has a modern Visitors' House for use of the field personnel and guests, thanks to Pat Carrigan Post of the Legion

### Legion Guest House

**A** GUEST house for visitors at Sheppard Field, near Wichita Falls, Texas, constructed and dedicated to the use of the soldiers and their friends is one of the good works of Pat Carrigan Post of Wichita Falls. Erected on the military reservation under special authority, the building was turned over to the field command immediately upon its completion and dedication. Here's what Post Commander Roger E. Thoes says about it:

"The idea of building this house was first brought up in the September meeting by Legionnaire Overmeyer, who reported that when visitors came to see men who could not leave the field they had to meet on some open wooden benches near the main gate. He suggested that the Post build a shelter of some kind.

"The idea took root and as the plan was developed in discussions it was enlarged from a simple shelter to a modern cottage—a real Visitors' House—where visitors could be received in comfort. A building committee was appointed, headed by Legionnaire Merrill Blair as chairman, and the Post went into action. The building was completed and opened for use about the middle of October, but was not dedicated until March 14th as one of the events in the celebration of the 24th anniversary of

the founding of The American Legion. At that time Major Tony Carter, in charge of Special Services, said that some 30,000 visitors had been through the building.

"The Post had

the finest coöperation from Colonel Henry G. Claggett, Commanding Officer of Sheppard Field, (also a member of Pat Carrigan Post), and from Major Frank J. Maguire in planning and constructing the building, which was completed at a cost of \$2,500. A real headache was avoided when Major Carter of Special Service agreed to take charge of the operation of the building, and it is in the hands of enlisted men from that division, assisted by members of the Officers Wives' Club on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Reading left to right in the picture on this page, front row, are: Dr. L. I. Lucey, Post Adjutant C. L. Tillerson, Color Bearer Fritz Fecher, Chairman Merrill Blair, Post Commander Roger E. Thoes, Colonel Koenig, Sheppard Field Executive Officer; Major Tony Carter, Field Special Service Officer; Major Frank Maguire, Field Engineer Officer, Color Bearer T. D. Denman."



A cozy corner of the reading-writing room of the Hitching Post, established by Trenton (New Jersey) Post as a rest center for service men. Near the station, it is a favorite hangout of transients and men from the New Jersey camps

### Hitching Post

**W**HEN the automobile crowded the old horse and buggy into the background many years ago, the hitchin' post, long a necessary fixture in town and country, went out of fashion. It has remained for Trenton (New Jersey) Post No. 93 to restore the name in a wartime service for 1943 men in uniform.

In the summer of 1942 commuters passing through Trenton began to notice groups of service men standing at curbs and elsewhere about the depot, waiting in storm and sunshine alike, for buses and trains to carry them to their widely scattered destinations. Across the plaza from the station was a three-story brick building, occupied in part by railroad offices. From these two circumstances the idea was born.

Under the leadership of Major and Mrs. Peter Vischer of Hunterdon County, these commuters undertook to do something about the problem. They talked with Edgar E. Lewis, Jr., then Commander of Trenton Post, and on July 16, 1942, the project was endorsed by the Post and a corporation was formed with the title of Hitching Post No. 93.

The second and third floors of the old railroad building, obtained from the Pennsylvania Railroad, were altered and the project was on its way. Money was raised through contributions both in and out of the Legion, though no publicized campaign was put on, and volunteer workers responded, both in planning and in carrying out the program.

Since the center is open twenty-four hours each day, the task of securing volunteer hostesses seemed a gigantic one, but it was successfully accomplished by Mrs. Helen E. Bartley, President of the Auxiliary Unit. Hundreds have volunteered for the work and in





various shifts carry on night and day, month in and month out.

The Hitching Post conducts no dances and has no entertainment features—it is designed to provide a stop-over place for men in the armed services and, of course, everything is free. Doughnuts and coffee and other tasty snacks are always at the canteen for the hungry arrivals; then there are showers, shaving facilities, reading rooms, writing desks, information service, room service, and other forms of assistance. The popularity of the center is readily indicated by the attendance growth, from a few hundred at the beginning to approximately 20,000 for a single month. The Hitching Post is governed by a board of trustees, headed by Donald N. Poore, which is composed of members of the Post and Unit. Post Commander Russell F. Black, who succeeded Commander Lewis when he was called into service, devotes many hours to the Hitching Post.

## Russian Gun

SINCE 1921 Reedley (California) Post has had much pride in the big, old gun standing on guard on the Post's property. It was a big piece and it had a history, all of which caused a twinge of sadness when the Post members gathered to put it in order for the smelting furnace and recasting into a modern piece.

One of the largest of the first World War trophies to reach the Pacific Coast, the gun was cast in Russia in 1876 and was used in the defense of the Russian frontier against the German invasion of 1914. Captured by the Kaiser's men, it was turned against the Russians and later taken to the western front where it was used against the American, British and French forces. Captured by the Americans, it was brought to this country after the Armistice and came to rest on the Legion grounds at Reed-



Cast in Russia, captured by Germany, re-captured by American soldiers, this old gun has guarded the grounds of Reedley (California) Post since 1921. Now it has gone to the scrap pile for recasting into modern equipment

ley. Now, let us hope, in its new form it is again fronting the Germans.

Left to right in the picture on this page are Homer Titus, Past Commander John Bright, Vice Commander I. B. Mosley, Chaplain C. E. Wright, Historian J. E. Plank, Adjutant W. A. True, Commander Robert Rowe, H. V. Rasmussen, Service Officer O. J. Foy, and Sergeant-at-Arms J. E. Crist.

## Canadian Recruiters

PLATTSBURG (New York) Post, aided by other Clinton County Legionnaires and the Voiture of the Forty and Eight, has been doing a recruiting job for the Canadian Army, and from all reports did a right good job. Journeying in a Forty and Eight rolling box car, the Legion party, headed by Post Commander W. M. Williams, was instrumental in recruiting 500 men for a regiment of Railroad Engineers in two days.

The party was welcomed at the international bridge by representatives of the Canadian Army, The American Legion, Department of Canada, Canadian Legion, Veterans Association, and the Royal Scot Pipers Band. The party spent two days in the recruiting drive and, according to our reporters, were entertained royally by Colonel Walter



Scott, Recruiting Officer of the Montreal District, and by the Canadian and American Legion comrades.

## Hospital Committee

ONE of the established activities of David Wisted Post of Duluth, Minnesota—largest in that Department—is regular visits by its Hospital Committee to the various institutions within its area. That committee is composed of seventeen members headed by Chairman E. E. Sonnenberg, and with three co-chairmen, Clarence Rolfsen, Sid Stillwell and Esley Tidball. The service rendered by this group is one that reflects bright credit on the Post.

For instance, the report for 1942 discloses that the members visited five hospitals where veterans were being



(Cont. on page 45)



Legionnaires and Forty 'n Eighters from Clinton County, New York, help the Canadians out in a two-day recruiting drive. Result: 500 for a Regiment of Railroad Engineers



# A Transport of Mercy



The U. S. Navy hospital ship *Mercy*, 1918. Below, patients being carried aboard the *Mercy* at St. Nazaire, France, after the Armistice

**S**AVAGERY! Cruelty!—Those words stood out glaringly in the statement made by General Douglas MacArthur following the torpedoing of the Australian hospital ship *Centaur* by the Ratzis of Japan on May 14th last. The general said:

"I cannot express the revulsion I feel at this unnecessary act of cruelty. Its limitless savagery represents a continuation of the calculated attempt to create a sense of trepidation through the practice of horrors designed to shock normal sensibilities.

"The brutal excesses of the Philippines campaign, the execution of our captured airmen, the barbarity of Papua are all of a pattern."

Torpedoing of hospital ships was not unknown in our earlier World War, as attested by Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims in his book, *The Victory at Sea*. In order to immobilize as many British destroyers as possible and prevent them from protecting merchant ships from U-boat attack, Germany announced that she would attack British hospital ships with submarines, and car-



ried out her barbaric promise. The Geneva Convention and the Hague Conference meant nothing to our enemies. None of the three American hospital ships, however, was attacked.

Those of us who returned from the A. E. F. on the larger transports will recall the large sick bays for wounded and sick servicemen. Those ships were actually combined transports and hospital ships. At the time of the Armistice, the Navy had made provisions to bring

home an average of 30,000 sick and wounded men each month. The Navy Medical Corps had been augmented to meet this additional duty, and a total of 151,649 Army, 4,385 Navy and 3,625 Marine sick, wounded and shellshock cases were brought home on naval transports. Transportation on the Navy's three hospital ships, the *Mercy*, the *Solace* and the *Comfort* was reserved for the seriously wounded men.

The two pictures of the U. S. S. *Mercy* and the picture of the wedding ceremony aboard that ship, which we reproduce on this page, came to us from Edward C. Fogerty of Hollywood (California) Post of the Legion, who lives at 2067 West 35th Place in Los Angeles. Comrade Fogerty was inspired to send the pictures when he read in the Los Angeles *Herald* of March 25th last, of the launching of the U. S. S. *Mercy*, a namesake of his old ship, at the Wilmington, California, shipyards. Here is his story:

"The recent launching of the new Navy hospital ship *Mercy* caused me to dig into my old seabag of relics of our World War and come up with the enclosed photographs, a booklet souvenir of the U. S. S. *Mercy*, produced by Commander U. R. Webb, Medical Corps, U. S. N., C. O. of the ship, containing a complete roster of the crew, and the "Souvenir Log of the U. S. S. *Mercy*" compiled by Robert A. Wilson, Ph. M.-2, and published on March 14, 1919.

"Incidentally, the new U. S. S. *Mercy*



A silver wedding anniversary should be in store soon for the bride and groom who were married on the deck of the hospital ship *Mercy*. Who are they?





Well-fed corpsmen of Base Hospital 86, Mesves, France, do their dishes after chow, in 1919. Wiese and Lawson are second and third from left. Anybody know the rest of them?

was sponsored by Lieutenant Doris M. Yetter, with Lieutenant Lorraine Christenson as maid-of-honor. Both of these Navy nurses had been taken prisoner while on Guam when that island fell to the Japs, were interned in Tokyo and subsequently came home on the exchange ship *Gripsholm*. A second hospital ship, the *Comfort*, had gone down the ways a week before the *Mercy* was launched.

"With a rating of Pharmacist's Mate, I served aboard the *Mercy* as embalmer, with three understudies working with me. I was really a pioneer of her crew of about 400 officers and men, having held the American flag for the first C. O., Commander 'Black Jack' Blackburn, when she was commissioned as a hospital ship on January 24, 1918.

"Our hospital ship started out in World War I as a troop transport. She was the *Saratoga* of the Ward Line and was in Group 1 of the four groups of troop transports that sailed for the A. E. F. immediately after General Pershing and his staff had left New York on the *Baltic* on May 28, 1917, for Liverpool, and then France. According to newspaper clippings that I kept, she started her second trip from New York in July, 1917, with 500 nurses and 2700 soldiers aboard, but when only a few miles out from port, she collided with the steamer *Panama* and sank. There were no casualties. Because of the lack of ships, she was raised, repaired and then was commissioned as the *Mercy*.

"In March, 1918, she sailed to Yorktown, Virginia, to relieve the U. S. S. *Solace* as fleet hospital ship until repairs on the *Solace* could be completed. From there, she went to Hampton Roads, Virginia, in July, and served as an overflow hospital for the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk and the Jamestown Naval Base. In September, she was again at Yorktown, assisting the *Solace* during the influenza epidemic.

"Arriving in New York on October 31, 1918, she was given a coat of camouflage, stores and coal were put aboard, and she started on her first trip to France on November 4th, arriving in the port of Brest on November 15th. On her first trip back, she carried 400 seriously-wounded cases, and on subsequent trips brought back many hundreds more.

"One of the enclosed pictures shows the *Mercy* in her coat of camouflage; another, patients being carried aboard at the port of St. Nazaire, France, and a third, a marriage ceremony in which a member of the crew was the groom. Regretfully, I fail to remember who the man was or where we were tied up at the time. Perhaps some of my old shipmates can supply this information after seeing the picture.

"After the war I was engaged in the undertaking business in Philadelphia and started a school which is now the H. E. Dolan School of Embalming in Philadelphia, in which I still have an interest, although the business is being conducted by my nephews. My health was bad and I am still on the sick list.

"Sometime during the past seven or eight years—I cannot remember just when—I read a newspaper report of the old *Mercy* being towed from the Navy Yard in Philadelphia to Baltimore to be wrecked. I was sorry to learn that my old ship was to be broken up for scrap. I hope these pictures and story of the *Mercy* will bring back memories to many of her crew and her invalided passengers, and I should like to hear from them."

**B**ASEBALL, tennis, golf, boxing, track, and during their seasons, basketball and football—all of these and other sports are studded with stars now in uniform. It's quite confusing at times. And we cannot overlook bridge tournaments, either. Turn to the sports pages and you read of majors and privates,

## THEN and NOW

sergeants and lieutenant commanders all engaged in their civilian pastimes. Of course, the same was true in our World War, but less emphasis was placed on these extra-curricular activities.

Coincident with the opening of the baseball season, Legionnaire William W. Lawson, member of the Volunteer Fire Department of Clinton, Indiana, came across with a couple of wartime pictures—one of them of himself with his glove and ball—and a bang-up story of his outfit's baseball team in the A. E. F. Boastful? Well, why not? Go ahead, Bill, and tell 'em about your team:

"The cry, 'Play Ball!' is echoing



William Lawson played on the topnotch baseball team of Base Hospital 86 back in 1919

throughout the country again, and that takes me back to 1919 when I did a bit of ball playing myself with the team of Base Hospital No. 86, one of the group in the Mesves Hospital Center in France.

"I had been sergeant major of Base 86 and when the Armistice came I wanted to get out of headquarters. I asked my C. O. to let me go, but he refused, so I told him either he could relieve me or I would take off.







Ever hear of Jack MacNider? Here is his jalopy and chauffeur, Louis Hanson, in World War I

"He put this proposition to me: If I would stay long enough to teach Sergeant Young, who was under me in headquarters, the duties of my job, he would let me transfer to the Provost Marshal's staff. He warned me I would lose my rating, but as ratings meant nothing to me, I took him at his word. After going with the Provost Marshal, I had a driver and car or motorcycle at my disposal at all times, and did I see France! I was assigned to getting payrolls signed each month and that took me about three weeks of each month to make my rounds.

"In March, 1919, I went into my headquarters and found the colonel had left orders for me to see him. I came

upon him in the operating room, and he proceeded to lay the law down to me. He said, 'Your pal, Mac, told me you are a baseball player, and I want you to give up your job and come back to headquarters and play on the team of Base 86.' Mac was from the hometown of Clinton, Indiana. So I took over a job as orderly and carried mail from the general headquarters in Mesves to our own hospital personnel and patients.

"Every afternoon we had baseball practice under the direction of our athletic director, our own Lieutenant Lyons whose home had been in Chicago, with the assistance of no one other than Sam Cranford of the major leagues who was a convalescent patient with us.

"After three weeks' practice, we started to schedule games. Our first game was with the 33d Division team. It snowed and rained that day, but the sun also came out at times. Nevertheless we finished the game, which was more like a rhinie game—and we won. Then we took on most of the teams in our own Center for almost a month and made quite a name for ourselves.

"Then came the works—from General Pershing's GHQ at Chaumont. His outfit wanted a game, so we took them on, and also took them to town. Then a trip to



French-American entente cordiale, 1918 style. American and French officers swapped dinners quite often near Rosières-en-Haye, France. The Americans were with the 806th Pioneer Infantry



JULY, 1918 - JUST TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Brest, where we came out on the long end of the score in a game with the 82d Division team. From then on, I was relieved from almost all my duties.

"We played ball somewhere nearly every day. Finally the 84th Division took over M. P. duty at our Center. They had just come across from the States and their ball team was in excellent shape. It was the only team that came close to beating us. On May 28, 1919, we were ordered to evacuate our hospital, so we wound up our affairs there and proceeded to St. Nazaire to sail for home. But one of our men died there with a throat ailment and we were quarantined for four weeks. During that time we played some baseball team almost every day, including a team of colored stevedores.

"One other player and I were the only ones on the team who had not played Class A baseball, although we both had played on the minor circuits. You see, we had the pick of the hundreds of sick or wounded men who came to our hospital for treatment and who got well enough to engage in sports.

"We handled approximately 60,000 patients in Base 86 and if my memory is right, we had only about seven deaths. That sounds like a record to me—wonder if any other Base can beat it.

"One of the enclosed pictures shows some of our enlisted personnel just after chow. Even at hospitals, cleaning facilities for mess kits were not so hot. I am third man from the left, and the fellow at my right, with his tongue in his cheek, is Eddie Wiese, who hailed from New York. He was one of my best pals in France, but I've lost track of him and I hope he sees this picture and writes to me. I'd like to hear from all of the gang—particularly my former fellow baseball players."

WE ALL like to bask in reflected glory and this is a good time for basking—considering the honors that are being won by fellow Legionnaires who fought in the First World War and are again in uniform. In the issue of February (Continued on page 50)



*Distinguished Contemporaries*



THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

**OLD CROW**

*A Truly Great Name*  
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

*Today, as for generations past,  
Old Crow continues to be the chosen  
favorite of those who know and  
appreciate the finest.*



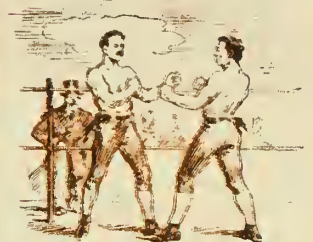
**BOTTLED IN BOND**

Kentucky Straight Whiskey  
Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof

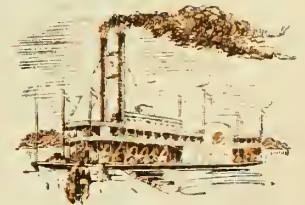
National Distillers Products  
Corporation, New York, N. Y.

**TODAY**

as in past  
generations,  
**OLD CROW** is  
favored by  
"those in the know"



Bare-knuckle bouts sometimes  
went seventy-five rounds in those  
days—but boxing fans always  
found time for a round or two  
of Old Crow after the fight.



The days of the old sidewheeler  
saw Old Crow's fame not only  
nation-wide, but world-wide.  
Wherever good whiskey was  
known and appreciated, Old  
Crow was a favorite.



The first Kentucky Derby was run  
in 1875 and Old Crow, already  
a champion in its own right, was  
there to toast the winner.

AND TODAY  
Old Crow  
is still the  
favorite...



**WAR NOTE:** Our distilleries are  
engaged in the production of alco-  
hol for war purposes. The Old  
Crow being sold today comes  
from reserve stocks made long  
before America entered the war.  
These stocks are necessarily lim-  
ited. So be patient if you cannot  
get all you want when you want  
it. This whiskey is four years old.



# LO TAKES THE WARPATH

(Continued from page 9)

forming essential and heroic duties on that black morning, and received the Order of the Purple Heart. The Distinguished Service Cross went to Private Charley Ball, Assiniboine of Fort Belknap Reservation, for remaining with his comrades, though desperately wounded, and helping to cover the withdrawal of MacArthur's forces on Bataan. Joe Longknife, an Assiniboine, was at Bataan, too; he got ten Japs with sixteen shots there. Kenneth Scissons, a Sioux of Rapid City, South Dakota, whittled ten notches on his Garand after killing that many Nazis in four minutes of commando fighting outside Bizerte.

And flyers will tell you about Sergeant Ralph Sam, Paiute, who was gunner on a plane that dive-bombed a Japanese convoy off New Guinea. When his right arm was shot off, not one word did he utter, but pulled out his pistol with his left hand and shot at a pursuing Zero till his ammunition gave out. Only then did the pilot discover that his gallant gunner was hit. Though rushed to a base hospital, Sam bled to death, and the Silver Star was awarded him posthumously.

White Americans are with reason proud to fight beside red, proud of the traditional prowess of their one-time enemies.

And a red man will risk his life for a white as dauntlessly as his ancestor lifted a pale-face's scalp. At the Memorial Airport in Spartanburg, South Carolina, Major Barney B. Russell said that nothing in the glorious annals of the Army Air Corps surpasses the deed there of Private Lester Reymus of the 77th Pursuit Squadron. When a P-37 crashed on the field this young Paiute, without waiting to don an asbestos suit, dashed into flames sixty feet high which were licking the labels off the cans of a gasoline dump, to pull the unconscious pilot out of the wreck.

Red heroes may be of any rank. Clarence L. Tinker, once a cowboy on the Osage Reservation, became a Major general in the Army Air Corps. When the Japanese fleet was sighted near Midway, June 7, 1942, winging out to

meet them went this veteran of World War I, who as commander of our air force in Hawaii selected himself as flight leader of one squadron. In the fight that sent the pride of the Japanese navy to the bottom of the sea, General Tinker did not see the victory; he fell with his plane into the Pacific. The War Department has approved a proposal to name Oklahoma City's new airport Tinker Field.

From major general to blanketed squaw, the tribes are backing the war effort. The American Indian loves freedom and does not hesitate to pay the price of it. Every Monday the Jicarilla Apaches, who have sent every one of their able-bodied men to war, buy a \$100 bond. Altogether, the Amerinds have lent Uncle Sam \$5,000,000 (through the Indian office besides other millions in bonds purchased independently) for the fight that is theirs and ours. The majority of Indians have little money, but one old Kiowa squaw, who cannot write her name, signed with a determined thumbprint a \$1000 check for Navy Relief.

The Indian squaw was always a sturdy, uncomplaining worker, the backbone of tribal life. Her sister of today is showing the same cheerful stoicism

and skill on farm and in factory, driving tractors and trucks, spot-welding, riding the range that the red cowboys have left, or drilling in uniform. Laughing-Eyes, Creek graduate of Haskell Institute, the first in line when the recruiting station for WAACS opened in New York. All the big Indian schools are training girls as well as men for skilled war labor.

Some 4000 Indian women are in war industries today, and more than 5000 grow victory gardens on their reservations.

Yakimas are riveting in the shipyards; Seminoles are working in aircraft plants; everywhere the Indian, for his tirelessness, skill, and patience as a craftsman is in special demand in industry as well as in the combat services.

For no red fire-eater has to be sold on democracy. The Indian had it before we did; for untold ages he breathed the free American air. To our enemies, who batten on race hatred and persecute minorities, the handclasp of the red American and the white must be a mystery. It is no mystery to the Indian. He is fighting for what he has always fought for—the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## IN MEMORIAM



**JAMES ANDREW DRAIN**, National Commander of The American Legion from September 19, 1924, to October 9, 1925, died at Mount Alto Hospital, Washington, D. C., on Saturday, May 29th, of a heart attack. News of his death came as a great shock to his Legion associates, with whom he had been in the closest touch almost up to the hour he was stricken. He was in attendance at the National Executive Committee meeting at National Headquarters the first week in May as a member of the Committee and also as a member of the Endowment Fund Corporation.

General Drain had a long and active career of useful service to his State, his country and to his comrades-in-arms. His loyalty and devotion to The American Legion—and he was one of its most zealous and fearless leaders—began with the birth of the organization at the Paris Caucus in March, 1919. It was under his leadership, while National Commander, that the Legion raised the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund, the income from which goes far to support the vast rehabilitation and child welfare programs. In promoting that program, General Drain traveled more than 100,000 miles and made more than 1,000 speeches.

Born in Warren County, Illinois, September 30, 1870, he graduated from Western Normal College, Shenandoah, Iowa; spent some years at Lincoln, Nebraska, then established himself at Spokane, Washington, where he was admitted to the practice of law. He lost his right arm in a hunting accident in 1900, but despite this misfortune, by sheer determination and native ability, he overcame the handicap and was appointed Adjutant General of the Washington National Guard. In 1908 he captained the American rifle team in a match in England which won the military rifle championship of the world. In 1917 he was selected as assistant chief of the War Department Division of Small Arms. He later went to France—the only one-armed officer sent overseas—as the original Ordnance Officer of the First U. S. Division. There he was advanced through a number of positions until General Pershing made him coordinator of all allied tank activities, and the American member of the Anglo-American Tank Commission. He received the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States; the Legion of Honor from France, and the Cross of Italy from the Italian government.

While yet in service overseas he attended the Paris Caucus where the Legion was born. His Legion honors, all well earned, were Department Commander of the District of Columbia, membership in the National Executive Committee, the Foch Tour Committee of 1921, National Commander, Chairman of the Endowment Fund Committee, National Treasurer and National Judge Advocate, held concurrently.

He had also served as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Guard Association of the United States; President of the National Militia Board, and President of the National Rifle Association.

In 1936 he became a member of the staff of the Social Security Board in Washington, D. C., and held that position until September, 1939, when he was made Assistant to the Administrator of the Federal Security Agency, serving directly under Administrator Paul V. McNutt, also a Past National Commander.

Married to Miss Ethel M. Marsland in 1891, General Drain is survived by his wife, who lives at the family home at Stoneleigh Court, Washington, D. C.; by one son, James A. Drain, Jr., Michigan City, Indiana; three daughters, Mrs. Edward M. Hay, Philadelphia; Mrs. Frederick Van Den Arend, Washington; Mrs. Kate D. Lawson, Hollywood, Calif., and by fifteen grandchildren.



**JAMES ANDREW DRAIN**  
1870-1943



**"We just saw  
something wonderful!"**

*"Civilian defense . . . the Red Cross . . .  
Victory gardening . . . they don't  
leave much spare time! So when we  
get to see a picture, we want to see  
something really worthwhile . . . and  
Warner Bros. hasn't let us down yet!"*

*"If you haven't already seen  
'MISSION TO MOSCOW', see it  
your first chance! Because it's grand  
entertainment — and a new kind  
of picture! You'll remember it  
a long, long time!"*



IN EVERY WARNER BROS.  
picture, you'll find thrilling  
entertainment — *and a whole  
lot more!*

You'll find an understand-  
ing of the need to make every  
precious minute you can  
spare for motion pictures  
count for the utmost in "lift"  
... the kind of "lift" that mil-  
lions of war-working Amer-  
icans got from 'Air Force',

'Casablanca', 'Edge of Dark-  
ness', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'  
and right on down the Warner  
Bros. line!

And in filming former  
U. S. Ambassador Davies'  
hard-hitting, best-selling  
'MISSION TO MOSCOW' we  
have created a motion picture  
so BIG ... so EXCITING ...  
so NEW ... so AMERICAN  
... that you MUST see it!



**JACK L. WARNER**  
Executive Producer

**WARNER BROS.**





"The Colonel wants to know who pitched for the Dodgers today!"

## LIGHTER MOMENTS

with **fresh**  
**Eveready Batteries**

One of the important new weapons of this war is the famous "walkie-talkie" (a portable 2-way field radio). They're powered by "Eveready" "Mini-Max" portable radio batteries—one reason why you haven't been able to get these batteries at your dealer's.



The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.



## ALEUTIAN SPRINGBOARD

(Continued from page 13)  
seal) were safe enough from the invader. But the Coast Guard brought the natives from the Pribilofs and the Aleutians, except Attu. The Japs caught ninety-six out there, and a white man.

Many of the natives have saved their money. Those on the Pribilofs have long carried deposits in Washington, D. C., savings banks. Others banked nearer home. They showed appreciation for past favors by buying war bonds. We as a nation have again drawn dividends because we treated a less fortunate people decently.

That isn't all. In a remote Arctic village the people promised to complete a hush-hush job for the Army before the freeze-up. The job wasn't finished when it came time to hunt and fill the food caches. Not to hunt meant gambling with starvation. When the caches were empty, the natives tightened their belts, lived on seaweed and mussels and slugged away at the job.

When an Eskimo doesn't eat, his dogs also go without. Several hundred were starving and the shaman or medicine man gave orders to kill twenty percent and feed their carcasses to the others.

This was a grim business from any standpoint, because dogs are companions, servants and wealth. The dogs were killed and their skins saved for arteegees—shirtlike garments usually made from pelts taken in the hunt.

They finished the job—a happy-ending story for the Army. The Army came through with chow enough to last until the next hunting season—a happy ending for the Eskimo.

IT can now be told that the Western Defense Command has organized the Alaska Territorial Guard. This includes Bering Sea and Arctic natives because helplessness is an invitation and some Jap commander might take it into his head to raid the remote settlements in Alaska.

Each region has its captain and lieutenants. Equipment is supplied and from there on it is up to the unit. Often provisions and ammunition are sent to the caches by plane or dog team. Word is dropped to the Office of Indian Affairs teacher who sends out a party to bring in the equipment.

Any boy sixteen or older can get into the guard, and if he's younger and large

for his age they won't turn him down. Many of them are dead shots, accustomed to locating targets on snow and ice.

Tell an Eskimo that the Japs want meat and are coming to Alaska and he'll be annoyed. Tell him that the Japs will probably throw his women on the ground, and he won't like that, either. But explain that the Japs will force him to herd reindeer for their benefit and he'll get fighting mad. He doesn't care for reindeer-herding as a steady diet. He'd a lot rather shoot walrus, seal—and now, his enemy, the Japs—between the eyes.

Oomiak-puk came to the native villages for humanitarian reasons only. There was no thought of building up good will, nor to preparing a reserve of potential Arctic troops. On the cutters' periodic visits the first man ashore was usually the doctor.

Akadriak's broken arm—set wrong by the natives during the winter—was re-broken and properly set. Old Ookpic's foot had been frozen and the flesh and bone were sloughing off. Doc performed a clean amputation. A couple of babies

(Continued on page 37)





Copyright, 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

## ***"You know, honey . . . I used to be a mess sergeant!"***

"**S**HE KNOWS it, all right...says I can make more mess around a kitchen than any ten men on earth. But if you think Mollie doesn't get a kick out of having me help her with the canning, you're crazy. *I* get a kick out of it, too...

"Partly because we grew every last one of those great big, beautiful vegetables right in our own Victory garden. But mostly because—well, doggone it, we're having a swell time together!

"We kid each other, and gossip about the neighborhood doings, and admire all the full jars while I wash the empty ones. Then, along in the afternoon...Right!...Pabst Blue Ribbon!

"Tall, frosty glasses of the world's grandest beer—from a bottle right off the ice! What could be better?"

All over America, families are finding a wholesome new pleasure in simple things—in home duties—in human relationships. And more than ever, Pabst Blue Ribbon is America's symbol of friendly companionship.

Perhaps it's the softer and kindlier taste—perhaps it's the mellow magic of those 33 fine brews, brought together by FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING. Whatever it is, sparkling Pabst Blue Ribbon is part and parcel of the new American scene.



*Now more than ever  
A SYMBOL OF  
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP*

**"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX . . . Famous Stars . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS Network . . . Every SATURDAY NIGHT**





# On Guard for You

By **FRANK J. WILSON**  
CHIEF U. S. SECRET SERVICE

**T**HE Japanese aren't overlooking any bets in their attempts to conquer China, and all of their ammunition isn't shot from guns. For example, they have used the printing press for a lot of silent sabotage. In case you're puzzled, silent sabotage comes in two important forms. One is printed propaganda, and the other is counterfeit money, and both are used as weapons of war. In fact, the Japanese found a way to use both of them together, in an effort to induce Chiang Kai-shek's fighting Chinese to surrender and join Hirohito's hirelings. Here's what they did:

Using a Chinese one-yen bill as a pattern, the Japs counterfeited the entire face of the bill and a part of the back. However, they purposely omitted portions of the design on the reverse, and in place of those portions they printed a message in Chinese and contrived to circulate the phoney bills among the Chinese soldiers. Translated, the Jap propaganda reads like this:

## CERTIFICATE FOR SOLDIERS WHO RETURN

This is a special certificate to be distributed among soldiers who want to return to the camp of the new Central Government (Nanking). Soldiers who would like to take active part in the "Peace to Save China" Movement are welcome.

By special arrangement with the Japanese army and our own troops, any soldiers who pass the front line with this certificate will receive immediate protection and will be given every help for service of the New Central Government of Wang Ching-wei.

Issued by the Headquarters of the  
PACIFYING FORCES in Kiangsu,

Chekiang and Anhwei Provinces. . . .  
TO SAFEGUARD YOUR LIFE.  
WELCOME TO TAKE PART IN PEACE.

This is only one example of the use of bogus money by enemies of the United Nations. It is common knowledge that the Japs have created "invasion money" for use in whatever territory they occupy. In the face of this activity, it must be emphasized that there have been no attempts on the part of any enemy of the United States to circulate bogus money within our borders, and it is not probable that there will be such attempts. The money of the United States is sound, and it's the job of the U. S. Secret Service to see that it stays that way.

To render worthless for propaganda purposes any United States currency in the hands of enemy agents in Hawaii and other territory in or near theaters of war, our Government withdrew from circulation all ordinary United States paper money in the Hawaiian Islands, and produced a special issue for use exclusively in that Territory. The new currency bears brown serial numbers and Treasury seals, and has the word "Hawaii" printed on the face and back of each bill. In North Africa, men in the American armed forces are paid with a special currency issue made distinctive by the use of a gold-colored Treasury seal. In both cases, the use of special

Illustrated by **BETTINA STEINKE**

currency is merely a precaution against activities of enemies of the United Nations.

Of course, there are isolated instances where counterfeit or altered bills originating abroad have filtered into the United States. For example, there is a vicious "black market" in France and other countries dealing in altered American currency. Altered or "raised" bills are those which have been cleverly changed from one denomination to a higher denomination. A genuine two-dollar bill, for instance, is doctored by pen and ink or by a pasting process to look like a thousand-dollar bill. The Secret Service files contain cases involving such alterations. A Jewish refugee with an opportunity to flee to the United States from France wanted to take American money with him. Since the Nazis limit the amount of money which can be taken from the country, the refugee went to a dealer on the "Black Bourse" and paid him the equivalent of one thousand dollars in francs, plus a commission, in exchange for a thousand-dollar American bill. He succeeded in bringing the money to the United States, and soon after his arrival here he brought it to a bank for deposit. The bank teller quickly detected the

(Continued on page 38)



The phoney bill didn't fool the drug store clerk, and Tony's arrest followed



# KNOW YOUR DOUGLAS WARPLANES



## BE YOUR OWN AIRCRAFT SPOTTER

Can you identify the above Douglas Warplane? It's the C-47 Skytrain or C-53 Skytrooper Transport. These war versions of the famous commercial DC-3 are the "work horses" of our Air Forces. Great fleets of these transports are rushing men and materiel over world air routes.

Would you recognize the C-54 Skymaster Combat Transport, the world's largest air transport in volume production? Could you spot the SB-D or A-24 Dauntless, the dive bombers that have carried the brunt of the fighting in the Pacific? And how about the A-20 Havoc or Boston Bomber, termed the most vicious, versatile plane of the war?

You can know your Douglas Warplanes better and possess superb decorations for home or office with the five full color prints offered below.

Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

# DOUGLAS

*Largest Builder of Cargo and Transport Aircraft*

MEMBER, NATIONAL AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

These beautiful full color lithographed prints illustrate and describe the C-47 Skytrain, C-53 Skytrooper, C-54 Skymaster, SB-D and A-24 Dauntless, A-20 Havoc and

Boston. Prints are 19" x 14¾", reproduced from actual color photographs, ideal for framing. The quantity is limited. Order today to avoid disappointment.



Send 25c for 5 Full Color Prints of Douglas Warplanes

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., INC.  
Box 620A, Santa Monica, Calif.

Please send me the set of five color prints of Douglas Warplanes. I enclose 25c to cover cost of handling.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_





*Ah! dear me... a bell-jar!  
Complete with garden of hand-  
made flowers. Fitting  
memento of your "front parlor"  
of the 1880's. That, too,  
was the good old ancient age!*

**A** is for Ancient... **A** is for Age...

**AA** is for the whiskey of the flavor years

The leisured pace of generations ago... old-fashioned skill in its making... these create this master among whiskeys... this exquisite fusion of body to bouquet... this union with flavor. For an experience that recalls this flavor of the mellow past... try Ancient and Honourable Ancient Age!

Note: All our distilling facilities are now devoted exclusively to producing alcohol for War. Ancient Age Whiskey was made in peace time. If it is temporarily unavailable, please be patient.



**A**ncient **A**ge

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stag-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City.  
Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.



# ALEUTIAN SPRINGBOARD

(Continued from page 32)

were having skin trouble, so Doc fixed that. He gave sundry shots to those who needed them, and often knocked off to act as best man while the parson—brought in on the cutter—married a couple *by the Book*.

If a week later the blushing bride gave birth to a son, why, what the hell. Chances are it would be named Steve after the doctor. Things can happen fast in the Arctic.

ON the nearby ridge, where the village placed its dead on catafalques of whale bone and driftwood, in an ancient day you could find the skulls of old men with perfect teeth. But the white man's grub had created a dental problem, so oomiak-puk brought a dentist along. He was kept as busy as the doctor.

Often the cutter carried a knocked-down school house, a year's supply of food, fuel and books, plus a teacher. In time the village might rate a small hospital, doctor and nurse.

All this led to a flirtation with the rewards of free enterprise. Encouraged by the Coast Guard, Indian Affairs people and denominational schools, the natives went in for commercial fishing, ivory carving, fox and reindeer raising. On the Aleutians natives were experimenting with cattle raising.

One native at least knew all about the scorched earth policy, because when the Japs took over Kiska he didn't wait for them to reach his island and carve steaks from his living creatures. He killed his cattle. Ironically enough, the Japs haven't taken his particular island yet.

The Aleuts, the natives chiefly affected by the war, were brought to the Alaskan mainland, partly because of the difficulty of shipping food to them through dangerous waters, but mostly for their safety. They left everything behind them. They are trying to fit into our way of life—finding work, establishing new homes. Some of them may never go back, but many are waiting for their Uncle Samuel to chase the enemy back where he belongs. When this is done, they'll return and begin life anew, knowing oomiak-puk will keep a paternal eye on them.

For the duration they are paying Uncle Sam good dividends on a long-term investment in common decency. The Filipinos can tell you something about that. Our pre-Pearl Harbor treatment of them has given us a standing in Asia and in the islands temporarily conquered by Japan which no other country has ever enjoyed.



## I'm keeping a nose on things

**I'm just a hound dog** called Butch to about everybody but The Boss. To him I'm *The Nose*.

Why, he'd no more think of going hunting with any other nose than he'd think of going without his gun.

But now The Boss has gone to war.

You can bet we both miss those winter mornings, when the air itself smelled good. There'd be a light, tracking snow. And when I sang out on a hot trail... boy!... it's a wonder they haven't signed me up for opera!

"Keep a nose on things, Butch," The Boss said when he left. And am I doing it! Just wait till I show him that new place I've found...when it's peacetime again.

**Here at Remington** we are doing everything in our power to speed peace through victory...

—during 1942, Remington produced enough small arms ammunition to fire more than 300 times at every Axis soldier.

—during the last 7½ months of that year alone, Remington produced more small arms ammunition than the entire

country produced during all four years of World War I.

—thousands upon thousands of military rifles were speeded to our armed forces all over the world.

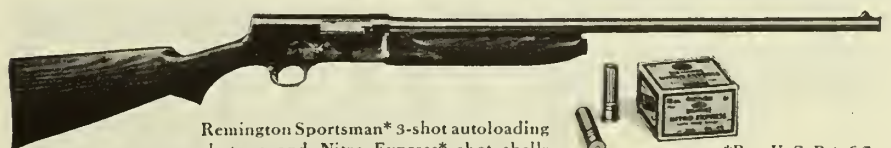
—and Remington has received four Army-Navy "E's."



We of Remington are grateful that we are able to serve our country. And after the war is won, we will be glad to serve our sportsmen friends again with the famous Remington line of sporting arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile...as a reminder of hunting experiences in days past, and those yet to come, you might like a free, full-color enlargement of the picture above. Write Dept. F-3, Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

## Remington



Remington Sportsman\* 3-shot autoloading shotgun and Nitro Express\* shot shells

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





*... and QUICK!*

The Evinrude you can't buy today, for the vacation you only dream about now, is "in there pitching" . . . to help speed the time when you can have the Evinrude you want . . . and vacation to your heart's content! Evinrudes have been called to serve in many places . . . take the case of Lord Mountbatten's famed Commandos . . .

One Thursday the urgent orders flashed in . . . 400 powerful outboards pledged for immediate delivery to Mountbatten's Commandos. All to be equipped with underwater mufflers. And all to be aboard an outbound ship the following Monday.

Four brief days in which to meet the promise. Immediately Evinrude dealers started contributing motors and precious parts to the factory's slender stocks. Assembly lines were swiftly organized for "Commando performance" in building new motors. Army officials pitched in with unceasing co-operation. And Saturday night, loaded into express cars cut into a fast passenger train, the motors were on their way . . . bound for "Port X" and fighting action!

A small incident in the vast drama of America's Production-for-Victory. But a gratifying one to countless thousands of water-loving Americans. Their favorite motors now are weapons for Victory . . . fighting in the thick of it . . . and they can be confident that, where Evinrudes can serve, no effort will be spared to produce *plenty* enough *soon* enough!

**EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

*Evinrude Motors of Canada,  
Peterboro, Canada*



★Invest in America! Every War Bond you buy helps speed the day of Victory. Then, good fishing to you.

**EVINRUDE**  
OUTBOARD MOTORS

## ON GUARD FOR YOU

*(Continued from page 34)*

alteration, because he saw that the bill bore the portrait of Thomas Jefferson and he knew that Jefferson's picture appears only on two-dollar bills. A real thousand-dollar bill would bear the picture of Grover Cleveland. Had the unfortunate refugee known that, he would not have lost \$998, for what he bought as a thousand-dollar bill turned out to be worth exactly two dollars. The black market is black indeed.

So much for foreign counterfeiting. Now what about phoney money made and passed right here in the United States? Well, as recently as 1936 the American people—meaning you—were victimized by bogus bills to the tune of nearly a million dollars a year!

The Secret Service began in the year 1936 an aggressive nation-wide "Know Your Money" educational campaign. By means of newspaper and magazine articles, radio broadcasts, motion pictures and educational literature, Americans were shown how to tell the difference between good and bad money. Result: by June 30, 1942, losses suffered by victims of bogus bills were 93 percent less than in 1936! All of which proves that when a criminal is unable to find gullible victims on which to prey, he is driven out of his crooked activity. A people educated to detect bogus money destroys the market for it.

Counterfeiting isn't confined to coins and bills. Not so long ago Secret Service Agents raided a big printing plant in New York City and captured \$53,000 worth of bogus 25¢ War Stamps. They caught the engravers and the printers and the master-minds, and all before even one of the phoney stamps could get into circulation. A crime such as this is dangerously close to treason, for it is the proceeds from sales of War Stamps and bonds which are helping to pay for the war.

Aside from the financial losses resulting from the passing of bogus money, there is another powerful reason why the counterfeiter must be fought with all the power we can muster. That reason is the removal of temptation from American youth to begin criminal careers through the "easy money" counterfeiting route. Consider a typical case from Secret Service records. Two boys, Tony and Frank, bought some counterfeit bills which they were going to pass. Tony was 18 years old, Frank was 19. In Tony's car they drove to a little town in upper New York State. They arrived on the outskirts of the town about 3 o'clock in the morning and decided to stay in the car until the stores opened. Tony began to argue with Frank because Frank held all the bogus bills, and Tony

*The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine*



wanted to divide them. Frank refused and left the car. Tony followed, and the argument finally reached the point where Tony pulled a revolver from his pocket and killed Frank. He dragged the body into a nearby stone quarry, took the counterfeit bills and drove into town. As soon as the stores were open, Tony began to pass the counterfeits. He passed two successfully. When he tried to pass a third in a drug store, an alert clerk refused to accept it. Tony left the store and the clerk followed him until he saw a policeman. He told the officer about Tony's attempt to pass a bogus note, so the policeman took Tony into custody and found the other bills in his pocket, with the gun he used to kill Frank.

Secret Service agents were summoned. From their examination of the gun they knew it had been fired recently. Tony explained that he had shot at a bird with it. But the next day Frank's body was found in the quarry by a farmer who lived in the vicinity. The bullet which had killed Frank was proved to have been fired from the revolver found on Tony. Confronted with this evidence, Tony confessed to the murder and today is serving a life sentence in a penitentiary. Thus, because of a roll of counterfeit bills, Frank lost his life and Tony is in prison for life.

This is what the Secret Service is trying to prevent. When its "Know Your Money" campaign was so successful in cutting counterfeiting losses, the campaign became a long-range Secret Service program of Crime Prevention Through Education. High schools throughout the country coöperated with the Secret Service by using its "Know Your Money" booklet as a standard unit of study. Agents lectured to high school students, showed them specimens of bogus money, and explained the seriousness of the crime of counterfeiting. Since 1940, when this work first began in the high schools, the number of juveniles arrested for violating those laws enforced by the Secret Service has *decreased* nearly 60 percent! On the other hand, arrests of juveniles for violating all other laws have steadily *increased*.

The Secret Service "Know Your Money" booklet explains not only how to detect counterfeit bills and coins, but it also tells how to guard against losses from forged government checks. Investigations of forgeries of government checks are also made by the Secret Service, and its program of Crime Prevention Through Education is now supplemented by a "Know Your Endorsers" campaign to prevent check forgeries. The whole idea is that education, directly applied, can prevent any crime which depends for success upon the ignorance and carelessness of its victims. Counterfeiting and check forgery are just such crimes. You would be amazed to know how gullible some people are.



**M**EN WHO USED TO TRAVEL FROM  
**M**INNEAPOLIS ALL THE WAY TO  
**M**ONTEVIDEO AND BACK  
**M**AY THEN HAVE SPENT TOO  
**M**UCH FOR WHISKEY.  
**M**ANY SUCH MEN NOW CHOOSE  
**M**ATTINGLY &  
**M**OORE, WHICH IS  
**M**ELLOWER, Milder THAN  
**M**ANY COSTLIER BRANDS. GET  
**M**ORE FOR YOUR MONEY. GET  
**M** & **M**.

The best of 'em is

**M & M**

(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)



Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



To fight all these evils by preventing them, The American Legion is joining forces with the United States Secret Service. That this is fitting and proper is shown by some of the avowed purposes of the Legion:

... to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a 100 percent Americanism; ... to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation. . . ."

There are four great reasons why this

battle of Crime Prevention Through Education should be fought with all possible power:

1. To combat juvenile delinquency.
2. To reduce further the losses suffered by victims of bogus bills and coins and victims of check forgers.
3. To reduce costs of investigations, prosecutions and maintenance of offenders for long terms in penal institutions.
4. To make it impossible for any enemy of the United States to strike a blow at our economic struc-

ture by circulating counterfeit money.

In crimes which depend for success upon the carelessness or ignorance of their potential victims, education is more important than investigation because education eliminates the need for investigation and it costs a whole lot less. It is vitally important that education against such crimes be brought into the high schools of the nation, for the high school boy and girl of today will soon be the men and women who control the business and industry of the country.

## BUDDIES

(Continued from page 11)

ness that played football at Williams College in 1915. Tom is one of a team of four Red Cross Field Directors which landed in North Africa with the Allied Forces on D Day. They came ashore, near Oran, and ever since—this team has been in the thick of the fight.

This is not Tom Furness's first big fight. He was a lieutenant of artillery in the First Division in the First World War, serving under his good friend, Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was then a major. While serving in France, Tom won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre, with two palms. One of his biggest gains, according to Tom, was the friendship which grew up between General Roosevelt and himself in the bloody months of 1918.

This comradeship has continued through the years and once again they faced the common enemy side by side. Whether in France or Tunisia, these two men are bound to a single purpose by mutual admiration that only two soldiers can experience. Tom Furness tried to get into the Army when this war started, but the Medicos handed him a rejection slip because they said he had a nervous heart.

Ask him about this and he replies, "Poppycock; look at me now." Hale and rugged, he insists there is nothing wrong with him. Forsaking his stock brokerage business in Chicago, he joined the American Red Cross in April, 1942, on condition that he be attached to his old Division. This was granted and he went into training with his outfit at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. There he learned about new guns, rifles, tanks, military vehicles—everything that makes the present Army click. As a true soldier, Tom has always had an intense interest in military strategy, even though now he was to be definitely on the outside looking in.

"My conception of a Red Cross Field Director," says Tom Furness, "is a man whose job it is to live with his troops, work with his troops and share their dangers. In other words, he is a soldier



"Please think over the Long Distance calls you've made recently to war-busy centers. Won't you agree that some of them are unessential?"

"All of these calls can't be vital, but we don't know which are necessary and which are not. You who make them can best decide that.

"We have plans to spend a billion and a quarter dollars to take care of your needs after the war but we can't do much about it now.

"If you will ease up on calls that aren't really necessary, we'll do our best to get the vital calls through with little or no delay."

P. S.—This is serious.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





—the same as a guy with a gun, even though he must be classified as a non-combatant. The boys won't respect you unless they see you are sharing their dangers and troubles. Then they are sold on you and on the Red Cross. A soldier is a simple man who wants and needs simple things. He is a homesick guy and little things we can do for him, though he may take them for granted at the moment, are tremendously appreciated and this appreciation is shown in many ways. It's not the size of the gifts we give them that matters but the spirit in which they are given. They appreciate the difficulties we sometimes encounter in getting Red Cross supplies to them. Their appreciation is our reward."

Tom's job is two-fold. There's the personal welfare work in which a Red Cross man makes himself responsible for the civilian phase of a soldier's life where the Army of necessity must leave off. It is his job to act as a roving ambassador of good will and keep men in touch with the folks back home. This phase of Tom's work entails delivery of personal messages from home—messages that may bring news of a blessed event, marriage, illness or death in the family.

He transmits messages dealing with family problems and often as not, he is asked to sit down with the boys and lend his advice on a particularly knotty situation that must be solved. Lending his knowledge to marital, financial and boy-meets-girl problems are all in the day's work for Tom and his co-workers.

The second phase of their work and an equally important one is delivery to the front of comfort articles. These are the candy bars, the soap, towels, tobacco, reading material, writing paper that fill the Chevvy until it creaks and groans under the load. Books and writing paper are two top favorites with men in the lines. They take a soldier's mind off the discomforts of the moment and act as a link with the home folks thousands of miles away. In his daily rounds, Tom and his colleagues work in close cooperation with the Army Chaplains and Medical Corps and Special Services Division to keep the morale of our troops at a high level. It's their job to keep the Yanks smiling and it's a job that Tom likes and can do. In Tom's team of four Red Cross Field Directors attached to the Second Corps is another veteran of the First World War—Raymond C. Myrick, 46, of Stoughton, Pennsylvania, a former Navy yeoman who at one time coached athletics in Stoughton and in Muncie, Indiana, high schools. The other two Field Directors in Tom's team are Ralph Studebaker of Jacksonville, Florida, senior member, and John L. Barnes of White Plains, New York. Incidentally, another of Tom's co-workers attached to headquarters of the Second Corps and heading its team is Jim Snyder, of Reading, Pennsylvania.

# MILLIONS

## OF FRIENDS

## RE-ECHO

## ITS PRAISE



100 PROOF

KENTUCKY  
STRAIGHT  
BOURBON  
WHISKY

*Famous*

# OLD FORESTER

*America's Guest Whisky*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC. • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



## NOT QUITE REGULAR?



### TRY THIS HEALTH DRINK FIRST

Juice of 1 lemon  in glass of water  first thing on arising 

**Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!**

**Here's** a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

**Most people find** that the juice of one lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising*, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently*. And lemon and water is *good* for you.

**Lemons Build Health!** Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and

supply valuable amounts of B<sub>1</sub>. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions *not* troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder*.

**Why not keep regular** with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, *first thing on arising*—see if you don't benefit!

**P.S.—LEMON & SODA** • Same prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as foaming quirts.



*Keep regular the Healthful way!*

**LEMON and WATER**  
**...first thing on arising**

"Today at the Duncans"—CBS, 6:15 P. M., E. T. — Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

## YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT NOW DO YOUR BEST!

50,000,000 Americans have bought WAR BONDS. Your country urges you to put every cent not needed for necessary living expenses into WAR BONDS and STAMPS. Remember, for every \$3 you put in you get back \$4.

**BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

## ALAMEIN YANKS IN TANKS

(Continued from page 19)

body shaking me awake and saying that Rommel was on the move. In those days Rommel knew how to move in only one direction and that was forward. The commanding officer of our troop, Lieutenant A. O. Anderson of Phoenix, Arizona, ordered us to take our battle position.

It didn't take long to get started and only half an hour to be lined up ready for the fight. That made it about three o'clock in the morning. I don't know whether we were scared or not. We talked as if we weren't. But as the minutes dragged out, and then the hours, and nothing happened, we got impatient. Waiting is the toughest part of the job.

We waited all day. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the Nazis first came into view. They were a long way off to the west. My tank was being held in reserve, down behind a little ridge, but Lieutenant Anderson's machine was up on the ridge itself, trading bursts with the enemy. It was pretty noisy for a while.

As soon as it was dark our troop of three tanks was ordered up to a new position, but still we didn't get into the action. Things quieted down as darkness settled. Around one A. M. I went on guard on top of the tank. I was sitting there on the cool plates straining my eyes toward the west.

The night was quiet. It was two o'clock when off to the front I heard the clank of metal tracks. The guard on the tank next to mine heard the sound at the same time. We stood up, straining our eyes. Then we saw them, twelve or fourteen big moving blurs of shadow. They were rolling toward us. It gives you a funny feeling.

We awakened our crews and the men all tumbled out to battle stations. The line of tanks still moved toward us. Then at about four hundred yards they deployed.

Lieutenant Anderson came running to our tank to use the radio, which was the only one with sufficient power to push out far enough. As soon as he got on the air we could hear the British asking for directions and giving orders. A British light tank outfit was trying to find its regimental commander so that the light tanks could pull into position.

There was a lot of confusion. Nobody could be positive that the tanks facing us were not our own.

We didn't have long to wait. One of the tanks out in front of us flashed and a shell came over our heads. It exploded somewhere behind us. After that, if any tank crews had still been asleep, they awakened fast.

Then the order came to open fire.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



Lieutenant Anderson ran for his own tank. Another shell screamed over from the enemy. Then we opened up. We let go with both our .75 and our .37 guns, but for some reason didn't seem able to get the range.

Sergeant Gilbert, seeing that we couldn't find the range, ordered the 37 mm. gunner to shift to the 30-calibre machine gun with tracer bullets. He fired a couple of bursts and we could see the tracers bouncing off the side of one of the enemy tanks.

"Use the thirty-seven," Gilbert ordered.

So the gunner shifted back. It took just three shells. The enemy tried to back away with that tank, but he couldn't. It was knocked out. This, understand, was one of the famous German Mark III machines, which we had heard were so much better than our own. Well, it took just three 37 mm. shells to quiet it.

SOME of our other boys evidently were getting in some fancy shooting for the enemy suddenly decided to get out of there. We let him go and made no effort to pursue him. We figured he'd be back soon enough. Just at dawn all hell broke loose. We were in position now where we could see about 2500 yards to the front and the whole field was covered with enemy tanks. They looked awfully big and they seemed to move fast. They were heading straight toward us, too.

The Nazis were firing their famous 88's at us and the shells were dropping all around. They threw a lot of smaller stuff, too. A 50 mm. shell knocked off a rivet on the lieutenant's tank and the rivet struck the lieutenant and he dropped outside the tank and lay still on the ground. The radio operator, Corporal Olsen, took command of the tank, and the gunner, Corporal Kern, kept on dishing it out. Some of the men got the lieutenant back out of line of fire and made him comfortable, but they didn't stop fighting. They couldn't stop. There was too much to do.

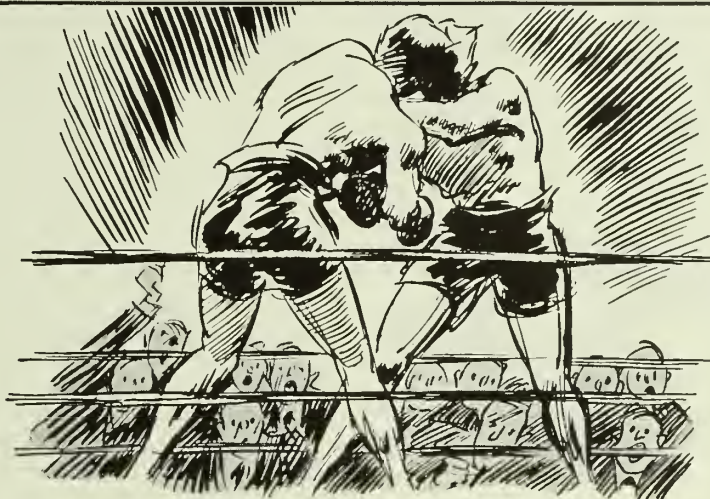
Anderson didn't get back into action, but all the rest of us carried on to the end.

The crew of my tank got four of the enemy. We saw the hits and we know we knocked them out. There's a lot of satisfaction in seeing them cave in. In addition to the four I know we knocked out, I think we got one other, but we weren't sure so we didn't claim it.

The lieutenant's tank had five Nazi machines to its credit, and one commanded by Sergeant John Tindall of Louisville got six.

We took some punishment ourselves. But don't let anybody tell you we don't have the best tanks in the world. They've proved it against the best the Nazis were able to throw at us. I'm lucky . . . I saw it happen.

# Famous Highs <sup>by</sup> C.A. Voight



## \$2,650,000 high!

NO FIGHT IN HISTORY EVER GATHERED SUCH A CROWD OF CHEERERS AS THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY BATTLE IN 1927. BUT—YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE CROWD THAT'S CHEERING FOR SMOOTH-AS-VELVET TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!



## Round-the-farm high!

A WHITE LEGHORN HEN HOLDS A WORLD'S RECORD — 343 EGGS IN 357 DAYS! AND THAT'S SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT! SO IS THE SMOOTHNESS OF TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"

# ..and Ten High!

## A new high in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



# DON'T RUIN FALSE TEETH BY BRUSHING

WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



Don't do this

**TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS,** soap and household cleansers are not intended for dental plates, which are much softer than natural teeth. Many of these makeshift cleaners scratch, wear down, ruin dentures.



**PLAY SAFE..SOAK  
THEM DAILY IN  
POLIDENT**

Put one level teaspoonful of POLIDENT in  $\frac{1}{2}$  glass of lukewarm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes or longer—or over night if convenient. Rinse well—it's ready to use!

Soaking plates in Polident daily cleans them better . . . it's safer than brushing . . . less handling, less chance of dropping. Soaking in Polident avoids the danger of brushing away important "fitting ridges" of your plate—avoids brushing in those invisible scratches which cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter.

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

## PREVENTS DENTURE BREATH

The film that collects on plates, bridges, often causes offensive "Denture Breath". You won't know you have it—but others will! Yet POLIDENT, used daily, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet.

## LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢. Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, dept., variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

# POLIDENT

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

# YOU CAN'T SEE IT NOW

(Continued from page 21)

which is Princeton University of today.

The Declaration stayed in Princeton until the following December, when Congress reassembled in Annapolis. But in less than a year, on the first of November, 1784, another move was made, this time to Trenton. But this village proved to be only a halting place. On Christmas Day the Declaration again went into Secretary Thomson's black bag to travel to the Dutch-English town of New York. Thomson, weary of incessant responsibility, put the Declaration and its companion papers under lock and key in the Federal Hall at Wall and Nassau streets.

In the nine years of its life the Declaration, traveling with Congress, had taken nine trips. Even the patriotic press made merry over the wanderings of Congress. One likened that body to a vibrating pendulum. Another said bitingly, "Like a wobbling wheel, Congress goes from Dan to Beersheba and from Beersheba to Dan. It finds no rest on this side of Jordan."

On the 24th of October, 1791, Congress held its first meeting in Philadelphia. Of course the Declaration was there, too. Again it had made the journey in Charles Thomson's black bag. In Philadelphia it kept wandering about. With the Department of State, it was first on Market Street. Later, at Arch and Sixth. Finally, at Fifth and Chestnut.

In 1800, the Government went to its permanent location on the banks of the Potomac. The Declaration and other

State papers traveled by water. All the furniture of the several departments, all the Government archives were packed in seven big boxes and five smaller ones and shipped in a packet-sloop.

But when the vessel reached Washington the only building available for the papers of the State Department was the one intended for the Treasury. Here they were stored, the Declaration among them. When later, at the corner of 19th street and Pennsylvania avenue, the "Seven Buildings" were completed, a wagon carried the State papers to this more secure resting place. But within a year, the Declaration and other papers were shifted, this time to the new War Office Building which stood where is now the west front of the State, War and Navy building.

Washington was the Declaration's permanent home. Never again would it race about the country, fleeing an enemy. So Congress believed. But it was mistaken. For the second time Great Britain and the United States went to war. The British captured the city, but the Declaration and other State papers had been taken to Leesburg, Virginia.

These papers and the Declaration on their return were put temporarily in a building on G Street, near 16th. Later, they were taken to a building on the site of the present Treasury Building. In Washington it has remained, except for a trip to Philadelphia in 1876 for the Centennial Exhibition. It was on display in the Library of Congress when it was last seen.

## HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

If your address has been changed since paying your 1943 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. The one mailing list covers both The American Legion Magazine and The National Legionnaire—only one notice required. Also notify your Post of your change for future reference in making out membership cards.

Notice of change should reach us by the 25th of second month preceding date of issue on which it is to take effect. So many thousands are received each month that they must be handled in a methodical manner.

## BE SURE TO GIVE ALL INFORMATION LISTED BELOW

### NEW ADDRESS

Name ..... (Please Print)

Street Address etc. ....

City ..... State .....

1943 Membership Card No. ....

Post No. .... State Dept. ....

### OLD ADDRESS

Street Address etc. ....

City ..... State .....



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might. to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

## CHEVRONS OF THE LEGION

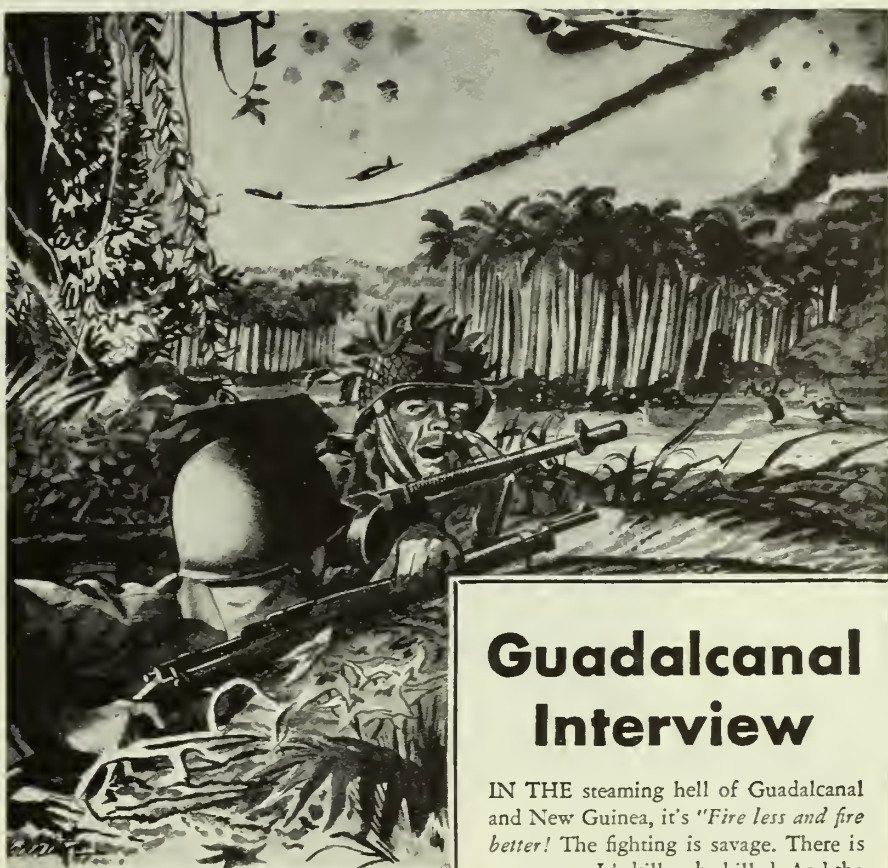
(Continued from page 25)

treated, in addition to home visits, requiring a travel of 5,983 miles, making 417 trips extending over 871½ hours. The committee rendered service to 1,153 patients. In addition to personal service of various kinds, the committee gave out 1,015 magazines; 5,500 packages of matches; 30 jig-saw puzzles; 50 packs of cards; 1,120 packages of cigarettes, and other items such as candy, cigars and toilet articles.

"The main factor that has made the work of our Sick and Hospital Committee so successful is the spirit of coöperation shown by each member," reports Legionnaire Ralph P. Thompson. "No task is too large and none too small, and when the need for any task arises the job is done willingly and gladly. Our report for 1943 will be very similar to that for 1942, with the exception that visits to the Veterans Hospital at Minneapolis have been discontinued 'for the duration' because of war conditions.

"The Sick and Hospital Committee has also taken on two new duties this year—first, setting up a record of types of blood of members to be used in the cases of other members needing transfusions. About 110 Post members are registered for this service and eight calls for transfusions have been made this year.

"The other activity is that of furnishing pallbearers to serve at the funerals of comrades. Because of the defense work in the area, members who own



## Guadalcanal Interview

IN THE steaming hell of Guadalcanal and New Guinea, it's "Fire less and fire better! The fighting is savage. There is no quarter. It's kill or be killed. And the rifle is the dominant weapon. The need is for calm, cool, deadly shooting, sometimes at vague targets. In other words, it's men who know their rifles—and know what they will do. Out here, the accent is on aimed fire. We have to go back to the days of Rogers' Rangers . . . when every man made every shot count!"

(From an interview with an army observer on Guadalcanal, in the March 1943 issue of The American Rifleman.)

If you and your .22 want to "go to war" for Uncle Sam, here's how you can do it! Join your local rifle club and help teach marksmanship to men who may enter the Services—or some auxiliary service. This instruction may save their lives in days to come. And the need is urgent . . .

less than 2% of inductees know anything about rifled arms!

That is why O. F. Mossberg & Sons, Inc. is urging every owner of a .22 rifle to . . .

## Share your rifle with your neighbor

—under nationwide Training Program sponsored by National Rifle Ass'n., Washington, D. C.

This program is intended to train the maximum number of our citizens in the use of small arms. It is invaluable to civilian defense units, guards, etc., and to all prospective service men. For in this war, even quartermasters, signal corps and cooks must learn how to shoot. And the basic principles of aiming and trigger release are the same for riflemen, artillerymen, pursuit pilots and bombardiers.

So . . . share your rifle with your neighbor.



Today, 100% in war work. In normal times, manufacturers of 22 cal. RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, TELESCOPE SIGHTS, TARGO GUNS AND EQUIPMENT.

bor, under the NRA training program. Ammunition is made available by proper government departments through the National Rifle Association. Join or start a local rifle club—now!

Help make America a nation of marksmen—unconquerable! Mail the coupon for helpful, free booklets—today.

O. F. Mossberg and Sons, Inc.,  
3677 St. John St., New Haven, Conn.

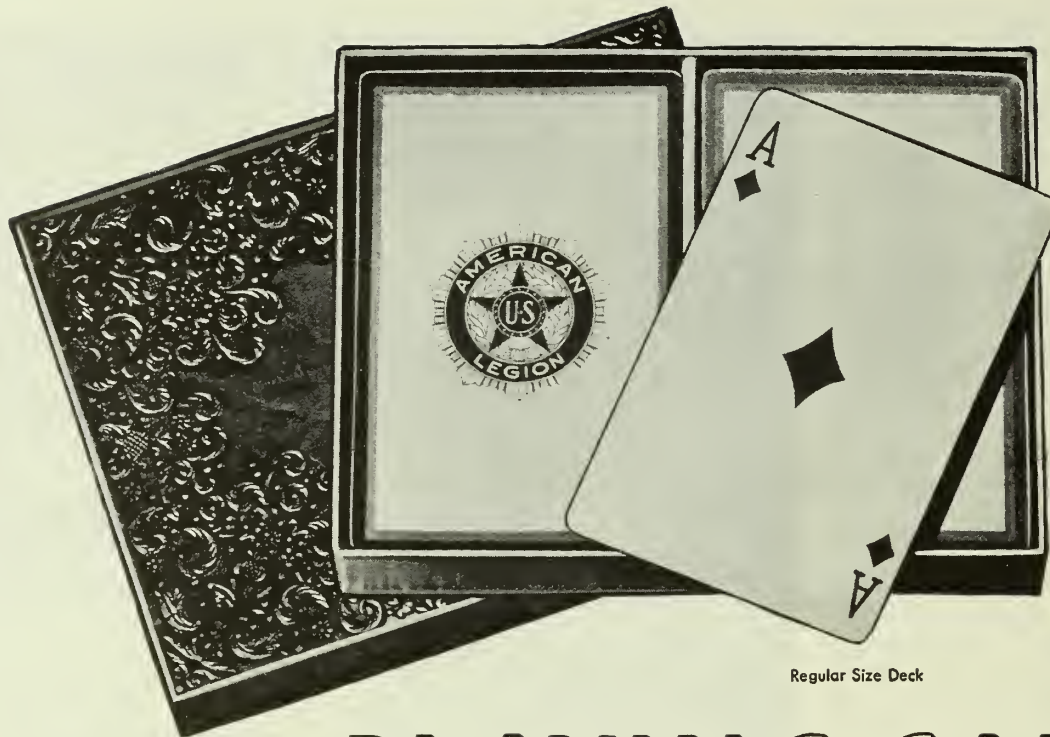
Please send "The Guidebook to Rifle Marksmanship", also new Questions-and-Answers folder which tells How and What to Do NOW.

Name.....  
PLEASE PRINT

Street.....

City.....State.....





Regular Size Deck

## PLAYTIME DECK

Preferred by men in the service. Can be conveniently carried in the pocket, handy for instant use any time or place. Size  $1\frac{5}{8}'' \times 2\frac{1}{2}''$ . Embossed emblem in colors on each box. We particularly recommend these Playtime cards for service men.

**35¢** each complete  
10% discount if 25 or more decks are ordered at a time



# PLAYING CARDS

There is probably no other item which is more universally used and appreciated by service men than a deck of playing cards. These attractive and durable American Legion playing cards make ideal gifts and we suggest your Post plan now to present a deck to each inductee or service man from your community.

**REGULAR SIZE DECK**—For those who prefer the full-size playing cards we offer these attractive cards with the emblem beautifully reproduced on each card. One deck is in a combination of gray and blue and the other in gray and red. Boxed in two-pack or single-pack presentation cases.

**TWO-PACK CASE (two decks) each complete \$1.50**  
10% discount if 50 or more decks (25 packs) are ordered at a time

**SINGLE-PACK CASE (one deck only) each complete 75¢**  
10% discount if 50 or more decks are ordered at a time

Your Post name, number and location will be imprinted without charge on a special label on each presentation box if 50 decks (25 double decks) are ordered at a time. Because of the limited space only the lettering "Presented by" and the Post name, number and location can be imprinted.

Emblem Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please ship the following:

..... Regular Size Double Decks . . . @ \$1.50 per pack.....  
..... Regular Size Single Decks . . . @ .75 per pack.....  
..... Playtime Decks . . . . . @ .35 per pack.....

Print Lettering Instructions .....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Serial No. of 1943 Membership Card.....

7M43



uniforms could not always be had. The committee purchased eight uniform capes suitable for wear by any average-sized man, and are thus able to turn out the required number of pallbearers at any time from the members who are in and about the Post club rooms."

## Post Disbanded

**H**ARMON Post No. 8, one of the Legion Posts organized by Legionnaires engaged in the construction of an air base in Newfoundland and which was affiliated with the Department of Canada, has disbanded after two years of activity. As work on the base neared completion the men either returned to the United States or went on for duty at other fields, and membership dwindled from the peak of 133 almost to the vanishing point.

One of its last acts was the transmittal of a check for \$712.50 by Commander Philip H. Knight to the committee for the relief of needy dependents of the

crew members of the *S. S. Caribou*, torpedoed and sunk with loss of life. For this contribution, as well as for other public services, the Post earned a letter of commendation from the Newfoundland Base Command, U. S. Army.

When organized by the defense workers, Harmon Post took over an old building on the field, moved it to a new location; fitted it up for club use and for the first year offered the only entertainment features available at the field. Broadening its work to include the people resident in that area, Christmas parties were given when every child under twelve within a ten mile radius was given some present. Dances and other social meetings were held at the club house attended by workers and residents, and the Post had a weekly "open house" with entertainment and refreshments for all callers. Of the thousands of dollars that passed through the treasury, but \$1.35 remained when the Post was finally disbanded.

BOYD B. STUTLER.



An improperly charged fire extinguisher is as useless as a gun without ammunition. A deteriorated extinguisher cannot be replaced for the "duration" because of priority regulations preventing many civilians from obtaining new extinguishers. Your Fyr-Fyter distributor will keep your extinguisher filled and in first class operating condition. Call him in to inspect your equipment. If you are not located near a Fyr-Fyter distributor, copy name, size and type of your extinguisher from nameplate and send it to us. We will be glad to give you complete service information.



Keep car radiators cleaned out for greatest motor efficiency. Use

**Sani-Flush** 10c and 25c sizes  
Directions on can

## Worry of FALSE TEETH Slipping or Irritating

Don't be embarrassed by loose false teeth slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, talk or laugh. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This pleasant powder gives a remarkable sense of added comfort and security by holding plates more firmly. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.



**TRY  
ASTHMADOR**

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic paroxysms—helps you breathe more easily. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependably uniform—its quality insured through rigid laboratory control. Try ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample.

**R. SCHIFFMANN CO.**  
LOS ANGELES, CAL., DEPT. P-19

## ... AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN

(Continued from page 11)

The second was that it enabled the American and French infantry in the main line of resistance—the old second line—to keep down until the German artillery barrage had passed over them, after which they manned the parapet ready to receive the German infantry when it finally arrived.

The Americans had their share of the islands of resistance. The men and officers in these islands knew they were to be sacrificed. They did their job of breaking up the German infantry attack formation. The resistance they put up caused the Germans to believe that with their suppression the battle was won. They were greatly and disagreeably surprised when, resuming their advance in an irregular fashion, they came up against the unbroken resistance of the second line, which was the main line of resistance. Despite this, they broke into the French and American trenches in a number of places. The last infantry reserves were used to stop them. The artillery was firing its last barrage when the tide turned.

If the Germans had had ten or fifteen additional Divisions to put in the fight at this point, they would have broken through. The French army would have been divided into two parts and the enemy would have entered Chalons-sur-Marne, cutting off the French and American troops in the Argonne and Lorraine from those in the general region of Paris and the British army to the north.

Having accomplished this, the German plan was then to attack the British army with the great bulk of their forces.

It was the preparation being made for this attack which led the British to believe that the July 15th assault would be made against them and not against the French.

When German general headquarters realized that the Friedensturm had failed, they called off the preparations for the attack on the British. They undoubtedly realized by that time that they had lost the initiative and from then on were on the defensive.

There could be no doubt about this, when on July the 18th a French army which included the First, Second and Fourth American Divisions, strongly attacked from Soissons in the north to Château-Thierry in the south. This counter-attack was kept up relentlessly until the Germans were driven across the Ourcq and north to the Vesle River. The 3d, 28th, 32d and 77th Divisions all played a part in this offensive. The 42d, having been quickly withdrawn from the Champagne on July 18th, was hurried around to the Château-Thierry region where it again entered the fight, forced the crossing of the Ourcq and was half way to the Vesle when it was relieved.

With the Third Division and part of the 28th, the Rainbow shared the honor of having been in both the defensive and offensive phases of the Second Battle of the Marne, the battle in which the German tide of victory was definitely turned into the series of defeats which culminated in the Armistice on November 11th.

On August 8th the British, Canadians and Australians struck the second blow. St. Mihiel was the third blow.



**\$1 GIVES YOU FALSE TEETH COMFORT**



DENTYTE has brought real mouth happiness to thousands of false teeth wearers. No more loose, slipping teeth—no more sore gums—just undreamed of comfort.

DENTYTE is not a powder or a cement, but a cushiony plastic that you can apply to your dental plates yourself. Tasteless, odorless, satisfaction guaranteed.

**\$1.**

or money back. Full size jar, postpaid only.

Send a dollar bill—we take the risk.

**"LOCAL AGENTS WANTED"**

DENTAL PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. AL15, Manheim, Pa

**ELECTRICITY** Learn at Home

**FOR VITAL WAR WORK**

Amazing 3-vol. Reference Set on Practical Electricity brings famous COYNE SHOP TRAINING in book form! Easy, Complete. Use daily on job. Includes Radio, Electronics! Also motors, power plants, aircraft electricity. 1200 pages.

**7 DAY FREE TRIAL!** Send no money. Card brings entire set to your home postpaid. Keep 7 days, then return or send \$1.95, and \$2 monthly until \$19.95 is paid. Save 10% if cash with order \$12.55—same 7 day trial.

H. C. Lewis, Pres., Dept. 83-C6  
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500 S. Paulina St., Chicago

## Keep Perspiring Feet Dry and Sweet

Excessive perspiration often makes your feet uncomfortable — socks or stockings damp, as well as causing disagreeable foot odors. Try dusting your feet and shoes with Allen's Foot-Ease. Easy — quick — convenient. It acts to absorb excess perspiration and prevent odors. If you are breaking in a new pair of shoes or if you are wearing an ill-fitting tight pair, there's nothing like Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve the friction that makes feet feel so uncomfortable. For real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease today!

**730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE**

**AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER**



New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strops on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guess-work. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure — automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome, compact, sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

**Only \$1.00**

**SEND NO MONEY!** Write today. Pay postman only \$1 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with your dollar. Hurry—order today.

RAZOROLL COMPANY  
620 North Michigan Avenue, Dept. 637 Chicago, Illinois

## The Letter From Home

### OWI Reports on What to Write The Men in the Armed Forces

The accent is on cheerful news. "Write about him and you. Recall the people he knew and the things he did. Tie in the past in which he had a part. When you start to write him, forget you have any troubles . . . cheer him about the present and the future. Write often. Don't wait for his reply before writing."

At the time of the July 18th and August 8th attacks, Foch had not yet realized how much the Germans had weakened. These two attacks with the St. Mihiel one, were not parts of a general offensive, but merely local attacks to improve the situation in different parts of the line. However, the last of July and in August the arrival of American troops had brought the Allied strength to a number greater than that of the Germans. From then on the constantly arriving American troops steadily increased this superiority.

In June, 1918 there were 722,000 American troops in France; in July, 996,000; in August, 1,293,000, in September, 1,579,000; in October 1,842,000; on the first of November 1,971,000.

In May there were 18 American Divisions; in June, 25; in July, 29; in August, 35; in September, 39; in October, 42. As the strength of an American Division was double that of the average strength of the British, French or German division, the size of the American reinforcement to the Allies can be appreciated.

General Pershing wrote of the Second Battle of the Marne: "He [the enemy] suffered a costly and disastrous defeat by the determined attacks of our First, Second, Third, Fourth, 26th, 28th, 32d, 42d and 77th Divisions, which constituted a force equal to 18 Allied divisions. . . . Nearly 300,000 American soldiers were engaged in these operations, sustaining more than 50,000 casualties. At the time of this battle, other American Divisions were in line with the British army in the north and the French army in Lorraine, with others in reserve."

The Champagne battle was full of dramatic incidents. One of them was a raid made by the French which broke through the German front line, held by older men of reserve divisions and penetrated far enough to capture younger men of the storm divisions. These prisoners, brought back with great danger and difficulty, gave the information about the impending attack, which decided General Gouraud to fire a heavy artillery counter-preparation before the Germans fired a shot. This fire was brought down on the German trenches, packed with infantry waiting for the attack to begin. The hours between the opening of this fire and the opening of the German preparatory fire was a period of great tension for all commanding officers.

Gouraud had given a final supper for his generals and the American generals and colonels. We ate about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, so as not to use any artificial light and attract German attention. General Gouraud explained to us that on the strength of the information given by the German prisoners, he was going to order a preparatory artillery fire on all his heavy batteries and

one-half of his light ones. He said: "Of course this will show the Germans that we have accumulated a great deal of artillery in this part of the line because expecting him to attack here. If we are wrong, and he plans to attack elsewhere, he will know that he will not meet a great deal of artillery fire. We will not know whether we are right until he opens his preparatory artillery fire. If that is heavy, we will know we are right. If it is not, we will know we have guessed wrong. However, in war, it is impossible to be sure; we must take the risk and pray that we are right."

When the German artillery fire finally did open, it came with a tremendous crash, with shells dropping on every trench, every battery position and every post of command; as we ducked for cover, we congratulated each other on Gouraud's having been right.

We were up all night during the battle and then the night of the 17th and 18th, when we came out of the trenches. When I said good-bye to the French colonel of infantry, whose post of command I had shared, he produced a bottle of champagne, saying, "I have kept this for months, hoping there would be some glorious occasion on which I could use it. After months of defeats we have finally stopped the Germans dead in their tracks, and you and your comrades are now en route to go to the attack. Let us drink with the thought that this attack is only the first of many to be kept up until the Boche is kaput."

We had had a mild party the night of the 14th, because it was the French national holiday. The colonel produced no champagne on that occasion. Two of the younger officers—Cowan of my regiment, and a young French lieutenant told the funniest stories and were the gayest of those present—were killed the next morning within a few minutes of each other. A shell got Cowan a few yards from the post of command, while I found the Frenchman dead a few yards in the other direction when I was visiting my batteries.

As the Division cleared the battlefield, General Gouraud had the generals and colonels meet him in a grove of trees not far from some French batteries. It was early morning. We were covered with the white dust of the Champagne and tired from the battle. We left inspired, because he told us that we were going to take part in a great counter-attack; that he wanted to thank us and have us thank our junior officers and men for the splendid way in which they had played their part in defeating the Germans, and he wanted us to leave, fully understanding the tactics which had been successfully used, so that we could employ them in the future. He emphasized the importance of holding up attacking infantry as had been done by the "islands" and thus separating it from its artillery barrage.



The Champagne defensive was the turning point of the First World War. The surrender in Tunisia is the turning point of the present war. There is no question any longer of the Suez Canal being in danger. With all of North Africa in our hands, we have a splendid base from which to operate to clean up the Mediterranean and to invade the continent of Europe.

It is possible that this clean-up of Africa will go down in history as the turning point of the war, in so far as Germany, Italy and their lesser allies are concerned. However, we must remember that this blow has in no way damaged Japan.

Also, we must not expect as quick a downfall as took place after the second Battle of the Marne in 1918. In that battle the Germans used all their available reserves to force a decision. They failed. In North Africa, they have lost only 7 or 8 German divisions out of 300. In other words, while the mass of

their army suffered a defeat in the Champagne in 1918, the mass of their army was not involved in the African defeat and is still available for combat. In July, 1918 the German army as a whole had been fighting hard for nearly four years. The only hard fighting they have had to do in this war consists of the two years they have fought the Russians. Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia and Greece were conquered with relatively little fighting and without heavy loss. The main German army has yet to be beaten. The Russians keep warning us that they cannot do it alone. National Commander Roane Waring has warned the Legion that there is still a great deal of heavy fighting to come. Mr. Churchill has just warned us along the same line. This is no time for a let-down in our efforts. On the contrary, we should increase them in every direction, until we reach the numerical superiority we had in 1918 but have not today.

## JAPS AND THE 3rd INNING

(Continued from page 15)

for many years, whenever an American team played in Tokyo, Professor Abé, of Waseda, was always called upon to give a ten-minute talk on sportsmanship to the crowd before the game.

Owing to a bit of luck—we had been invited to meet the Prince of Wales when he was making a tour of Canada a few years prior to our stay in Japan, and he had now become the King of England—Mrs. Place and I were privileged to attend many imperial garden parties. One tall missionary applied for and received his one invitation, but he was turned back at the gate because regulations called for black frock coat with striped trousers, and his trousers lacked the stripes. All-black is the dress of mourning in Japan and must never be worn in the presence of the Emperor.

The missionary rushed to tailor shop after tailor shop. He found plenty of striped trousers, but only in sizes made for the small Japanese. He finally found a pair made for a fat Jap, which he could get into, but the bottoms of the legs came halfway up to his knees and the trousers wouldn't button in front, but with his frock coat buttoned, this didn't matter too much. He was a funny-looking figure as he marched triumphantly past the guards to enjoy the garden party to the full.

This, which was such a spectacle to us, was not funny at all to the Japanese—the man was obeying regulations. On other occasions we have seen many a Japanese dressed in silk hat and frock coat, but minus the striped trousers. He was carrying the trousers over his arm to save them from being mud-splashed when rain overtook him on his way.

What does *Bushido* really mean to a Japanese? Every American should know this. The Japanese translate *Bushido* into English as "The Way of the Knight," but our idea of a knight is entirely different from that of the Japanese. A proper translation for us is "The Way of a mediaeval, feudal Japanese Knight." There is not a trace of human compassion or fair play in his code of fighting principles. Without exception, no holds are barred, no brutality or torture are tabu, if they enable one to win. Therefore *Bushido* teaches that lying, stealing, unbelievable torture, in which they are experts, mayhem and murder are highly moral acts, when their use enables a Jap to win. The whole philosophy of *Bushido* is built around the inexorable law that it is a disgrace to lose. Face saving, refusal to surrender, *hara kiri*—these are effects of *Bushido*.

The Jap spirit of *Bushido* still reigns, as the following story, and thousands of well-authenticated incidents like it, prove. On the capture of Shanghai two Jap subalterns each secured one of these old two-handed *samurai* swords and made a wager on which one would be able first to cut off one hundred Chinese heads in the old-fashioned way. That turned out to be too easy, so they raised the number to two-hundred-and-fifty. The Japanese newspapers praised this as a fine example of *Bushido*. These Japanese officers were simply murdering innocent, unarmed Chinese fugitives. The army did not repudiate them.

*Bushido* and good sportsmanship are mortal enemies. The United Nations are going to whip Japan and bury *Bushido* once and for all.

### A SERVICE FLAG for YOUR FAMILY

Honor YOUR Service Man with this beautiful Service Flag in your window or home. Satin, with yellow fringe—blue star in field of red for each man in service.

**ORDER FROM THIS AD**

No. 21—7x11"	ea. 50c
No. 23—10x15"	ea. 75c
No. 24—12x18"	ea. \$1.00
No. 25—15x24"	ea. \$1.50

Includes 1 to 5 stars—gold stars also.

Special sizes for Legion Posts, Lodge Halls, Churches, etc.

« Order today. Money promptly refunded if you are not satisfied. »

### U.S. and Allied FLAGS

Send for Free wholesale catalogue, showing prices on all types and sizes. Individual flags and flag sets in rayon, taffeta or bunting. We are manufacturers and our prices are RIGHT. Send for catalogue today.

**REGALIA MFG. CO., Dept. A, Rock Island, Ill.**

## PSORIASIS

PIXACOL has brought relief to psoriasis sufferers when everything else failed. A liquid, it is applied externally, dries quickly, is non-greasy, convenient to use. Caution: Use only as directed. Try a regular \$1 bottle of PIXACOL without investing a cent. Write for FREE details.

**PIXACOL CO., Dept. AL-2 Box 1298, Cleveland, Ohio**

## "O-O-O-O MY FEET!"

WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN. TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK.

### QUICK RELIEF!

GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES

★ AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

### JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

BORAX, IODIDE AND BRAN

### Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. The Army and Navy need hundreds trained in massage. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.

**THE College of Swedish Massage**  
100 E. Ohio St., Dept. B75, Chicago

### STOP Scratching

**Mosquito-Other Insect Bites**

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

### WATERY BLISTERS BETWEEN TOES?

**This Often Helps Quickly**

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, tired, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the painful cracks, sore spots and watery blisters. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. Only 25c. All druggists. Get the genuine

## SAYMAN SALVE



# Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## FALSE TEETH

### KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3052-G, ELMIRA, N. Y.

## Good News for Colon Sufferers

### FREE BOOK—On Causes And Related Ailments

The McCleary Clinic, HC766 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute, 122-page book on Colon Disorders, Piles, Constipation and commonly associated chronic ailments. The book is illustrated with charts, diagrams and X-ray pictures of these ailments. Write today—a postcard will do—to above address and this large book will be sent you FREE and postpaid.

### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT APRIL 30, 1943

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit .....	\$ 602,404.14
Accounts receivable .....	83,945.12
Inventories .....	186,621.60
Invested funds .....	2,897,409.99
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	219,925.68
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation .....	123,106.91
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation .....	43,281.70
Deferred charges .....	39,997.59
	<b>\$4,196,692.73</b>

#### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current Liabilities .....	\$ 65,301.51
Funds restricted as to use .....	40,023.28
Deferred revenue .....	535,050.41
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	219,925.68
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital .....	\$2,855,100.96
Unrestricted Capital .....	481,290.89
	<b>\$3,336,391.85</b>
	<b>\$4,196,692.73</b>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

## A TRANSPORT OF MERCY

(Continued from page 28)

ruary, 1943, we proudly displayed a picture of Past National Commander Hanford MacNider—Jack MacNider to his legion of friends—taken while he was convalescing from wounds received in the Gona area in New Guinea. We read of new honors given to Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who conceived the idea of The American Legion in Paris early in 1919, and to his son, Captain Quentin Roosevelt, for heroic deeds in North Africa, and a couple of days before this was written, we learned that Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Condon (the Bob Condon who did such a bang-up job of running the Legion National Convention in New York City in 1937) was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, also earned in North Africa.

And that isn't taking into consideration the scores of our new and younger members who have covered themselves with glory.

Shortly after Jack MacNider's picture appeared, we received a letter from Legionnaire Louis Hanson of 120 Harrell Avenue, Woodbridge, New Jersey, in which he rightfully boasted that he had served as chauffeur for Colonel MacNider during World War I, and sent along the picture of himself, with a car as a background (see page 28). We'll let Comrade Hanson tell you his reminiscences of the colonel:

"The enclosed picture was taken near Château-Thierry, France, about June 20, 1918, while I was driving for Colonel Upton and Hanford MacNider, our Past National Commander who is again in service in the South Pacific.

"The car, a Dodge of 1917 vintage, was assigned to Colonel Upton, but as Jack MacNider was adjutant to the colonel, and I took orders from Jack, I assumed the latter was my boss.

"I enlisted in April, 1917, and was sent to the 9th Infantry, 2d Division, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, I arrived in France in August of that same year. We were in training in the Beaumont Sector until March 17, 1918, and then took over a quiet sector in the Verdun-Tryon front. Hanford MacNider was made adjutant in May, 1918, relieving Adjutant Whitely.

"The news of General MacNider being right in the thick of things in New Guinea where he was seriously wounded, confirms my recollections of him back in 1918. I remember while at Château-Thierry, Jack had to go over to the Second Battalion and to get there, we had to drive down a stretch of road that was exposed to the enemy. I spotted a Boche observation balloon and called Jack's attention to it. He said, 'O. K. Run it down!'

"About the 6th of October, we came up in back of a German supply wagon

that had been hit by a shell. There wasn't much room to pass it, as there were a few dead Boche lying on the road. I was all for getting out and moving some of them so we could get by, but Jack said, 'We must keep moving,' and we did. . . .

"A few days later, we were relieved about four o'clock in the morning. We had been asleep in the car. Jack woke up. 'Hanson,' he cried, 'we'd better move beyond that hill. The car's being sand-blasted!' Shells were falling around us and the car was covered with dust and dirt.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing MacNider about four times since the war ended. One of those times I visited him in his home in Mason City, Iowa, where I met his lovely wife.

"Another thing I like to think of is that I had the honor of having taken back the first prisoners captured by the 9th Infantry about the middle of May, 1918, to be interviewed. Frank Mason, our Intelligence Officer, was with me in the car."

AND now a surprise for Past Commander W. E. Howard of Dewey Ingerson Post in Whitefield, New Hampshire, who also served that Post for many terms as Adjutant. You see, he sent us the picture of the group of French and American officers posed about the door of a 40 and 8 boxcar, two years ago, and we are just now getting an opportunity to show it to the Then and Now Gang. Thanks, Commander, for not protesting! And here is the story:

"As I've seen nothing re the 806th Pioneer Infantry in your and my publication, thought I would rectify the omission. Hence, enclosed is an enlargement of a Premoette film-pack camera picture, which on the way home from the A. E. F. I discovered was *defendu*. It is a belated showing of one of the ententes cordiales which existed during the First World War.

"I was in the University of New Hampshire quota for the 4th Company, 2d O. T. C. at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. My chum, Weston H. Jeffers of Pike, was a class behind me, 1917, but in the same frat, Beta Phi, and with me an editor on the *New Hampshire*, the college weekly. Both of us were in the quota of 27 men, assigned to the same company and squad, as we are both six-footers.

"After receiving our commissions, we were sent to Camp Funston, Kansas, for assignment. Colored draftees were gathered there from Louisiana and Mississippi to form the 806th Pioneer Infantry. I was given the job of forming Company H, Jeffers and another 2d looie being assigned to aid me.

"We embarked on the *Mercury*, né



the *Barbarossa*, rendezvoused off Norfolk, Virginia, and in time reached Brest, France. Across country by rail to Ageville, near Chaumont, where we received tin hats and gas masks, and then to a point several miles north of Boucq in the St. Mihiel front, where we built our permanent camp.

"Two companies of the 806th, G and H (my company), were sent to a woods place between Rosières-en-Haye and Tremblecourt to build crushed-rock platforms where munitions could be unloaded from the standard-gauge railroad to the soixante, supplying the front lines for the proposed attack on Metz by the 2d Army. The Armistice called this off.

"Across the road, which led to Nancy, were tracks and a train of 40 and 8 cars containing what was left of the .07-77 A. L. G. P. (Artillerie Lourde de Grande Puissance). They had lost their guns in the Chemin des Dames, and were recuperating. A Major Aymone was in command, with Lieutenant Lehadouey and sous-Lieutenant Tane assisting. We got together and found they would like to try our fare, and we theirs—poulet, salade, rhum, oeufs, etc., which they could buy in the country better than we. They liked our beans, goldfish, beef and pie. We therefore exchanged menus for a couple of weeks.

"In the dinner-party group we find, left to right: 1st Lieutenant Robinson, sous-Lieutenant Tane, Captain H. R. Leland, 1st Lieutenant Lehadouey, 1st Lieutenant W. E. Howard (your contributor). Back of Leland is 1st Lieutenant Hawkins, and in the door of the car, Major Aymone and Captain Warren.

"After the Armistice I was made head of the regimental school at Boucq—ABC's, arithmetic, and U. S. history. I had 32 assistants and 750 colored students. Just as we got going good, we were broken up into platoons and set to filling potholes in French roads. After ten months in the A. E. F. we returned home via St. Nazaire and the *Manchuria*.

"I hope some of the old comrades come across with letters. I'd like to hear from and about them."

Incidentally, the poster on the boxcar, showing the defeated kaiser with the triumphantly-waving banners of the Allies following him, was a French war loan poster. An original of the poster, framed, is on our office walls.

**T**RANSPORTATION restrictions and housing—those are two of the principal reasons why American Legion National Conventions cannot be as of yore. Strictly Business—that's the Legion's motto for conventions during these days when there is so much business connected with winning the war that the Legion and its Auxiliary has to do. As was true last year in Kansas City, so it will be in Omaha, Nebraska, September 21st to 23d, when the Silver

Anniversary National Convention—otherwise an occasion for special observation—will be held.

Outfit reunions, which each year had grown in number and size at National Conventions are discouraged. But wait until we win this war! There will be reunions such as had never been heard of before! Convention activity restrictions do not mean that outfits whose origin was in the general area of the convention city cannot have their get-togethers. There were a number of such reunions in Kansas City in 1942.

As an instance, the city of Omaha was the birthplace of the Balloon Corps of World War I and played wartime host to that new service branch during the training period. Most of its veterans are active Legionnaires and attend National Conventions of the Legion as official delegates or alternates. The National Association American Balloon Corps Veterans, organized at the Portland (Oregon) Convention in 1932, has grown strong in numbers throughout the country and several hundred of the veterans are members of the Omaha chapter, or "Balloon Bed."

While, in line with most veterans' organizations, the Balloon Corps Veterans Association has discontinued official reunions for the duration of the war, it will establish a "Hospitality Center" in The Grill Room, Omaha Athletic Club, Omaha, for its veterans during the period of the convention. For more information, ex-balloonists may write to Theodore E. Nelson, National Personnel Officer, Bellevue Boulevard and Hillcrest Road, Omaha, Nebraska.

For details of the following reunions and other activities, write to the Legionnaire whose name is listed with the announcement:

Soc. of 3d Div.—24th annual reunion, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, July 16-17. Write Ben Bourden, 115 W. 95th St., New York City.

31st (DIXIE) Div. Assoc.—Annual reunion dinner for all DD vets at Chicago, Ill., in conjunction with Ill. Legion Dept. Convention late in August. Write Walter A. Anderson, secy-treas., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, for date and details.

89TH Div. Soc.—Plans for 1943 division reunion have been abandoned, because of war. To get name on mailing list for further information, (dues one dollar), write Elmer W. Scott, secy., 2737 S. Bannock St., Englewood, Colo.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF. Soc.—Annual reunion, Topeka, Kansas, Labor Day week-end, Sept. 4-5. Send name, address and dues (one dollar) so you may receive bulletin of developments. John C. Hughes, secy., 829 East Ave. B, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Co. G, 329TH INF.—24th annual reunion, American Legion Hall, Bowling Green, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. Leon G. Burson, secy., Milton Center, Ohio.

51st PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Kingston, N. Y., Sun., Sept. 12. Peter Keresman, chmn., 69 Florence St., Kingston.

BTRY. C, 80TH F. A.—To complete roster and prepare for post-war reunion, send name and address to Herbert Malk, 1560 E. 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Co. B, 3d ENGR. TRNG. REGT., CAMP HUMPHRIES, VA.—For roster and proposed post-war reunion of vets of May-July, 1918, write to Adolph C. Fourness, Coudersport, Pa.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERV. ASSOC.—24th annual reunion, Hotel Victoria, 7th Av. and 51st St., New York City, July 17. For details, write David Cohen, chmn., 16 W. 57th St., New York City, or Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN J. NOLL,  
The Company Clerk



## FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon  
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

### Here's How to Relieve It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ; whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts.

### Itching Often Quickly Relieved

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is quickly relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from 3 to 10 days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try; so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot, why wait a day longer?

### H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the supply at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.  
860 Perdido St.  
New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete supply for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.

If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....





# REAP THE WHIRLWIND

## THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

**T**HE Nazis know now that they cannot win the war. But they also know that if they can only get the United Nations quarreling among themselves, or can get armament production slowed down in this country, they'll be in position to prolong the fighting, increasing casualties on both sides enormously. Hitler and Goebbels hope that under these conditions pacifists in one nation or another may be able to build up sentiment for a negotiated peace.

That the Nazi leaders are banking on that very, very outside chance is no news to the nations that have pledged themselves to destroy nazism, fascism and Japan's feudal autocracy. The Unconditional Surrender pronouncement of Roosevelt and Churchill at Casablanca has been accepted as allied policy by Premier Stalin and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and by the leaders of the smaller nations arrayed on our side. While a German remains fighting for the Nazi cause, however, Goebbels will continue to work at setting the allies against one another.

The attempt made in some quarters to dissociate the German populace generally from the Nazis and to represent them as having been misled by false prophets should have been utterly squelched some months ago. As Dean Frederick W. Beekman pointed out in our columns\* last month the Germans accepted Hitler joyously, and supported him wholeheartedly while he was boasting that Britain would yield to him. Even now there is no organized resistance by Germans within Nazi-controlled territory, though there is abundant evidence that the junkers in the army and the industrialists as well would be glad to see Hitler ousted and a respectable figurehead given the chief of state role—as an overture for peace.

It won't work. The German people have sown the wind with Hitler, and they shall reap the whirlwind. In every occupied nation lists are being kept, and when the Nazis cave in Retribution will be in the saddle. Every member of the Gestapo, every gauleiter, all those of whatever rank or grade who have wilfully broken the Geneva Convention will be hanged or shot. Edmund Burke, the great British statesman of the 18th century, once observed that he knew of no way to indict a whole people, but the world's experience with the German mailed fist in 1870-'71, 1914-'18 and from 1939 abundantly prove that the entire population of Germany must be taught the hard way that crime doesn't pay.

Have Poland and the Soviet Union a boundary prob-

lem? Let the Soviets get the boundary they wish, and compensate the Poles with East Prussia and territory west of the old Danzig Corridor. Alsace and Lorraine will go back to France, and Czechoslovakia will get the Sudetenland back. The United Nations will of course take charge of education in Germany. They will make the German people for a few years at least hewers of wood and drawers of water. The plunder that has been shipped into the Fatherland from all the conquered countries must so far as possible be sent back to its original owners, and the whole German people must be made to start paying on the huge indemnity fund which will make whatever compensation is possible for those things which have been destroyed.

Of course, similar action will be taken in Japan. For perhaps a decade, each of these lands will be under domination by the conquerors, who will make certain, before allowing full freedom of action, that there is left to these peoples no capacity for aggressive action against their neighbors. In the period of occupation the United Nations will take concerted action to make sure that in the long years ahead neither Germany nor Japan has access to the minerals and other products which are the without-which-not of aggression.

**P**UNISHMENT of the lesser criminals in the German and Japanese nations must be swift and sure, but not conducted like a drum-head courtmartial. Charles Warren, the distinguished lawyer whose history of the United States Supreme Court won the Pulitzer Prize for the best book on American history published in 1922, recently pointed out that after the First World War the Allies presented to Germany a list of 896 persons who should be brought to trial as war criminals. Only half a dozen of the 896 were brought to the bar, and all of these were either acquitted or given utterly inadequate sentences. Mr. Warren says the known war criminals should be named in the treaty of peace, which

"should by its own terms adjudge them guilty and determine their punishment, without the need of further proof or trial; and the surrender of the persons of the guilty should become the condition to the signing of any armistice or treaty."

When at long last the German and Japanese people have paid the debt to civilization which is so long overdue they will be admitted to the society of nations on an equal footing with the rest. There is no reason why they should not then attain a living standard far above that which they have ever known.



From The New Yorker

"I hate to think what an American Legion convention will be like after this war"

\* When Germany Quits, p.14, May A. L. M.



*"So glad Schenley laid it away in peace time"*



...and there's still a limited supply available

Every drop of Schenley Royal Reserve now available was distilled in peace time. Today no whiskey is being made; all Schenley distilleries are making vital war alcohol exclusively. Thus, you may not always be able to get Schenley Royal Reserve...but when you do, use it sparingly...and enjoy it that much more.

# **SCHENLEY**

## **ROYAL RESERVE**

BLENDED WHISKEY

**BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS**

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.



**They Keep on Scoring—Right on to Victory**

Each stenciled flog means another enemy plane destroyed. So hots off to the daring and skill of our Navy fliers and to the superb performance of their fighter planes.



*They keep on Scoring for* **MILDER BETTER TASTE**

**The proof is that where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfields are winning more smokers every day.**

The world's best cigarette tobaccos, plus an important manufacturing secret give to Chesterfield that special Mildness and Better Taste. This secret is Chesterfield's Right Combination of these tobaccos . . . just the right amount of each kind blended with all the others makes Chesterfield the cigarette that really satisfies.



# CHESTERFIELD

THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS  
WHAT THEY WANT *They Satisfy*